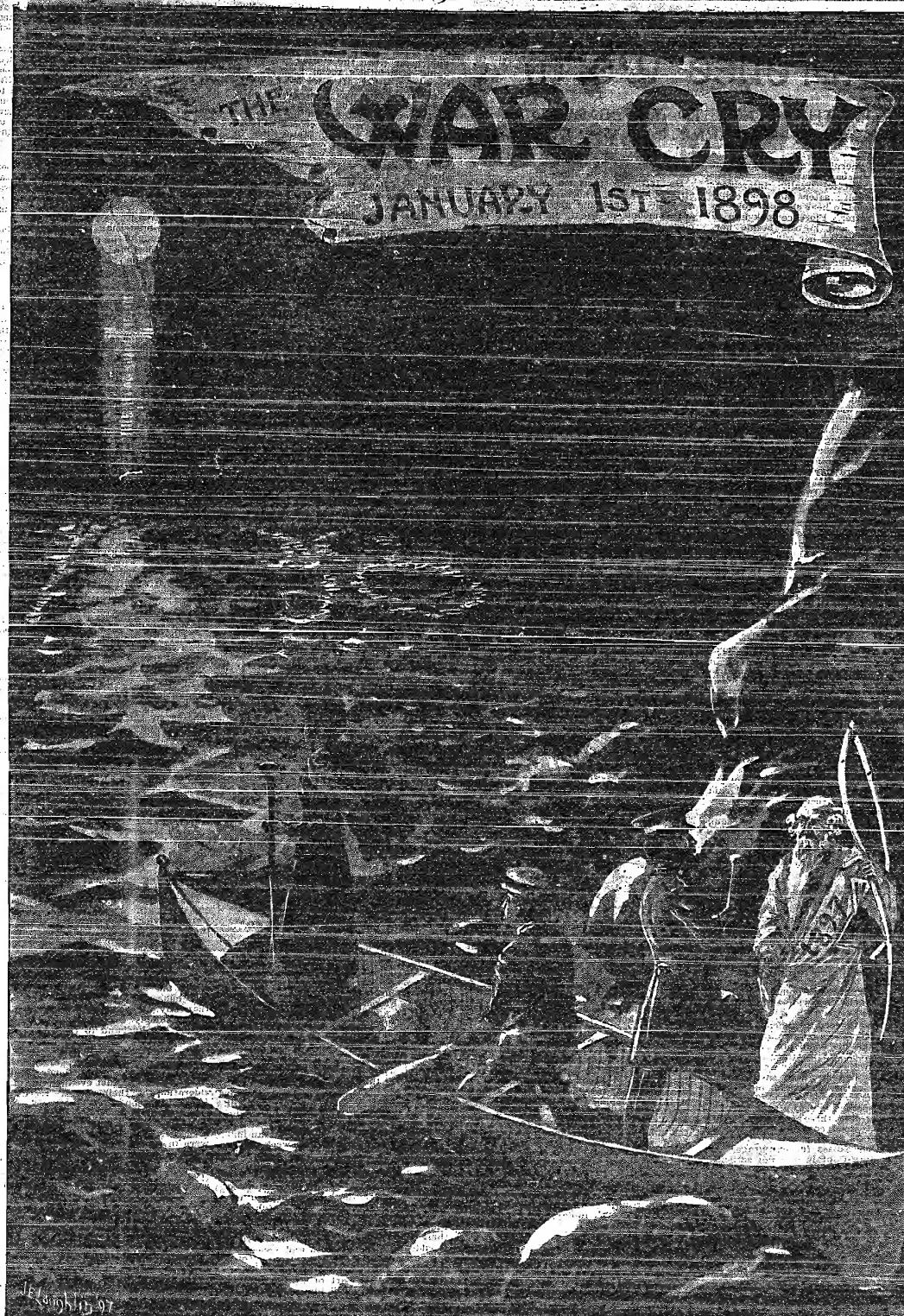


Vol. 18. Jan 1st 1898



NEARER THE CROSS FOR '98.—THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.





and the shadow of the angel's face to hover over her.

Her baby was, she knew, in the presence of the Father, and this consciousness of a pair of a

#### Wee White Wings

somewhat stilled the angriest storm within her breast, and did more than anything else to close life's cruel door. One day in late autumn another babe came to nestle in Florence's arms. Not a brilliant star like Hyacinthe Mary, but a quiet, sweet-tempered little maiden, who seemed just suited to Florence's character. She was christened under the Army Flag, and as soon as she could lip was made familiar with the name of Jesus. Florence often took her to the grave at Kossal Green and spoke to her of her sister among the angels while she strowed flowers upon the little grave.

Little by little Florence learned to dissociate the memory of her darling from the few feet of earth beneath which the body of her child had been laid. Hyacinthe was not there—only the shell that had once enshrined the spirit so full of possibilities and so soon born from her sight to blossom in

#### A Fairer Clime

It became more and more difficult to realize that her first-born had ever dwelt among the dead, and more and more natural to feel her near when alone with God in the chamber which had once contained her little crib. At this time she needed all the strength he derived from prayer and daily communion with God, for

#### A Fiery Ordeal

awaited her. She was to accompany her husband on a two-months' theatrical tour with the same company to which she had once played the role of leading lady. She dreaded the thought of daily and hourly contact with the worldlings whose manner of life she had renounced. It was an understood thing that she would do no acting.

(To be Continued.)

(SERIAL)

## FLORENCE WORTH.

From the Stage to the Salvation Army.

N.B.—Crowded out of the Christmas War Cry. Should be read previous to matter on page 2.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

WE left Florence in that frame of mind in which one is tempted to imagine that the depths of woe have been sounded and there can be no darker tunnel than the one we are passing through. The many real trials and the repression she was called upon to practice every hour, threatened to make her overlook the one bright ray across her otherwise dark path. Still, Baby Hyacinthe was a link which held her more firmly to goodness than she was herself conscious of. The memory of her own starved baby-soul made her tender with her child, and in such hours as she could command, she still talked to her of Jesus and taught her Army hymns and choruses.

Sometimes when "Baby" was encoined in a big arm-chair or seated on a hassock in her mother's feet with her chubby cheek resting on her plump little hand, Florence would talk to her of the Good Shepherd and the Friend of little children, and Hyacinthe would suddenly interrupt her to ask, "Is that

Jesus so B'edeen Lamb?"

and then, when reassured that He was one and the same, she would give a satisfied little nod and listen gravely to the story her mother was telling her, and finish up with her favorite chorus—

"Oh, the Lamb, the Bleeding Lamb,  
The Lamb of Calvary."

Whilst at Baywater, Hyacinthe went to Wembley, on a visit to a relative, and whilst there whooping-cough, which caused her parents to remove to Hammersmith in the Spring, thinking that change of air and the delightful walks and drives round Kew and Richmond would so long way towards curing their darling. It was her first illness, a fact which made both Florence and her husband anxious about their little "Runshine." If there was one point on which both parents were agreed, it was in loving their daughter. They took a house facing the river, and felt pardonable pride as "Baby" started for her first ride, perched in her basket, looking

#### Like a Little Queen

and with a large fluffy toy rabbit tucked under one arm.

There was nothing to mar the scene

that glad Spring morning. The sky was serene, and a lark was singing joyously overhead, while everywhere new life was springing. And yet—

"There is a river that flows

Wherever we go;

No sand so dry and thirsty

But these strange waters flow.

And where the Good Shepherd leadeth

Even the dark, 'still waters'

Of death are seen.

Even through throbbing hearts of cities,

In the heat of the day,

The cool, dark river passeth

On its silent way."

What a merciful Providence that is which tells our eyes with regard to the steps that lie between us and eternity! Were it otherwise we should be so taken up with

#### The Unexpected Success

which some of us are called to experience that we could never fix our minds on the beyond, which is eternal.

One night after the removal to Hammersmith, Florence stood upon the stage of a theatre in the role of a blind girl, who before the curtain fell exclaimed, "Life is nothing new to me; I do with me as you will." Though she knew it not, it was the last time she was to appear before the public in the character of an actress, for the tide had reached its ebb, and with the receding of the silent river the soul for which the devil was even then contending was to receive

#### A Rude Awakening

When she reached home in the early hours of the morning, she found Baby Hyacinthe tossing feverishly upon her little bed. "B'edeen Lamb," she was saying, "I'm so sorry for poor B'edeen Lamb! Baby doin' to be B'edeen Lamb, mamma."

A cold shiver ran through Florence as she took the feverish child in her arms and said:

"Some day, darling, but not yet. Mother cannot spare you."

Her only treasure—how could she live without her!

All through the night she watched beside Hyacinthe's cot, and as soon as the new day dawned a doctor was sent for. "The child has an attack of pneumonia," said he, "but she is very strong and unusually healthy. I should say. Still, he advised them to get a nurse, as she would require constant attention. The nurse came, and the little sufferer grew worse, and a second doctor was consulted.

"The crisis is at hand," he said. Florence started. This was the first intimation she had received that she might

#### Loss Her Darling!

Immediately there was flashed into her mind the words, "Me vill' do now, mamma! Me so sorry for Dussus-poor B'edeen Lamb!"

"You will stay to-night, mother?" said Florence, in a voice so unlike herself that Mrs. Worth understood that her daughter feared the worst.

The world must laugh in spite of breaking hearts, and Hyacinthe's father was at the theatre whilst his wife watched beside his darling child.

At about half-past one she heard the street door open, and went herself to break the terrible news: "Baby is delirious," she said, "the doctor says the crisis is at hand."

"Then she must be christened at once," replied he; and, despite the intensity of the hour, he went in search of a clergyman, and shortly after returned, accompanied by a curate ready to perform the ceremony, which could do neither good nor harm—it would entitle her to what is termed

#### "Christian Burial"

when the Hano came for that event. A kindly, sympathetic, if not very profound thinker, was this curate, who first believed in the efficacy of the rite he was called upon to perform, because, forthwith, Mother Church said it was essential. With a heavy heart, Florence held Baby Hyacinthe in her arms while the mystic rite was gone through.

"Will he pray?" thought Florence, a great yearning springing up in her heart for someone to stand by her in the glooming darkness. She dare not call upon Him Whom she had so long slighted. The spirit of prayer was dead within her, but she longed to hear someone talk to God, if perchance He might send healing to the fever-stricken baby in her arms. But she was doomed to disappointment. The curate manifested much sympathy for the afflicted parents and even remained until the

#### The Crisis had Passed

and the little sufferer was sleeping peacefully. Then he left the house, little thinking what a hungry soul he had left behind, or of the yearning pain and disappointment his silence had caused.

He was a well-meaning man, but felt different, as he afterwards explained, of praying in the house of an actor—for fear they might not like it. He might have acted differently had he thought to ask himself how much an excuse would weigh with God.

(Continued on Page 2)

## "Riekety Rob."

A Story of the Social Reform Branch.

By MAJOR GASKIN.

When she gave up her engagement ring Rob said,

"I will Drink now with a Vengeance, Love or no Love."

He decided to sell his business, having no time now to attend to his store—pleasure and drink claiming chiefest thoughts.

Leaving home again he sank deeper and deeper into the pit of sin than ever. Night after night he went drunk to his room. Many nights he slept with whiskey bottles under the bed. The \$1250 legacy which he had received at his father's death went in drink and gambling, as also did his previous \$3500. Rob now stared him in the face. Regret, remorse, bitterness, seized his soul, ashamed of his

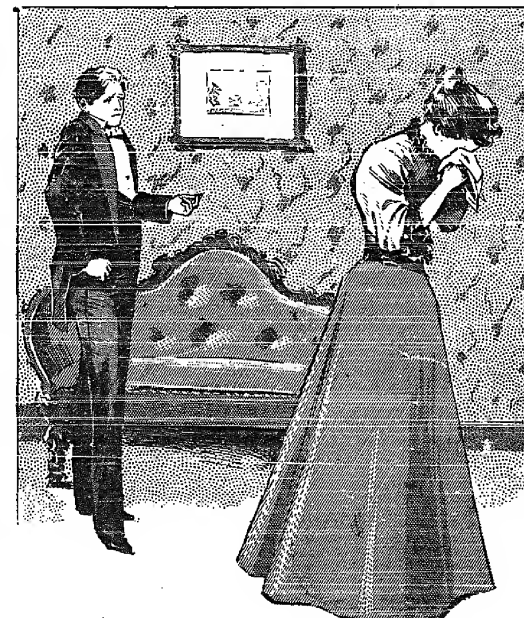
seriously contemplating going to the lake and plunging in, and ending his life of disgrace. He had once been in an Army meeting drunk, but all he could remember was that he gave \$5 to the collection. Going along the street with the intention of committing suicide, a sudden impulse seized him to go to the Army barracks again. "God moves in a mysterious way" and tears and prayers of his Godly parents were about to be answered. Half-stupified with drink, and miserable beyond description, memory brought back to Rob's mind the fact that one of his old mates had got saved and joined the Army, eventually becoming an officer in his ranks. Rob made his way to the nearest barracks, which was the Bowery corps, he hardly knows what happened in the meeting, but at the close he went to the penitentiary form, cried for mercy, and got converted.

Where could he go? Someone, however, sent him to the Shelter Lifeboat, where he stayed assisting the cook for three weeks—weeks of terrible temptation they were, but Rob had made up his mind to serve God and do right, and thus by faith and prayer he triumphed. He was then transferred to the Industrial Farm, where for seven months he has acted in the capacity of cook, each day gaining strength and growing in grace. He is also

#### Schoolmaster of the Night School.

there, and is a blessing to the institution and the men who enter from time to time.

I found him the other day busy sweeping up and cleaning after the Colonists



"I WILL DRINK NOW WITH A VENGEANCE, LOVE OR NO LOVE."

wicked conduct, Rob decided to come to Canada, hoping by getting away from old associates to turn over a new leaf. But, alas! crossing the Atlantic Rob got intoxicated and eventually

Landed in Canada no Better than He Left England.

But he was not to be left helpless. His mother had seen the Army and loved it, and one day, meeting an Auxiliary, she told this lady the story of her wayward boy, and his determination to go to Canada. This friend suggested that his passage be booked through the Salvation Army Shipping Agency. This was arranged, and he embarked for Canada, receiving a Credit Note for cash, which was to be held on application to the Salvation Army Headquarters, in Toronto. This was the first time Rob had been brought into contact with the S. A., but so far as he was concerned this occasion did not count for much, for all Rob wanted the Army for was to get his Credit Note cashed and get some drink.

Money in the hands of a drunkard very soon finds its way into the saloon-keeper's till, and three weeks of hard drinking found Rob

Alone in a Strange Country, Without Money, Without Employment, and an Outcast.

had had dinner. It was a pouring wet day, so we sat down beside the stove and Rob told me his story.

Said he, in conclusion, "When I was drinking I would not have stopped if you gave me \$1000, but now I have complete and glorious victory. I am well in such happy and contented. I have no desire to drink, I hate it, and if that taste was tired with bottles of whiskey, I should smother the lot. Last Christmas I had plenty of money, but was a miserable drunken slave, suffering from the terrors after a heavy drinking bout. This Christmas I shall spend on the Salvation Army Farm surrounded by good influences, and people who love God. Thank God for the Farm, it is the door of hope to hundreds of men such as I was."

Reader, beware of the "first glass." Neither touch, taste, nor handle it.



IMMIGRATION.—"BEAVER FISH OF ST. STRAITS" between Canada and the United States.—To those who have an idea of going abroad we shall be pleased to furnish particulars of sailing accommodation and rates of passage given by the above Steamship Company for which we are agents. For full particulars we can offer special rates for either first, second or third class passengers by any of the Canadian United boats. Full information may be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN BRADSHAW, corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.



## MRS. READ AND THE RESCUE WAIFS

At Bathurst St. Methodist Church,  
Toronto.

(Special.)

IN response to a special invitation from Rev. C. O. Johnson, a brigade of little songsters from the Children's Home were present and sang at the Bathurst St. Methodist Church on Sunday evening in connection with the Pastor's sermon on neglected children. Mrs. Read was called upon to speak. She riveted the attention of the thronged building by her touching stories of our work among the children.

The plaintive strains of "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," rung out in the children's shrill voices, captivated the congregation.

The Rev. C. O. Johnson, in the course of his forcible remarks, described the unhappy children of this age as being mortgaged to sin, and emphatically commended the efforts which the Army were putting forth to relieve the spiritual and temporal disadvantages under which so many little ones labor.

A touching little incident occurred during the sermon. One of the little Army proteges had fallen asleep with her head on Mrs. Read's knee. The Pastor noticing this, remarked, "I would that every outcast little one in the city had a Christian woman's knee to pillow its head upon."

At the conclusion of Mrs. Read's address, the Rev. C. O. Johnson said, "It is only now how to fire a volley they would do so, but under the circumstances, he suggested that an appropriate applause might be made by the dropping of gifts for the Army's work amongst the children on the collecting plate held at the church door. Also saying that ten dollars of a sum of money which had come into his hands should be handed over to the Army Home. The audience manifested the deepest sympathy and practical interest in this branch of our work, many wishing the officers a hearty God-speed after the service."

BIG ADVANCE IN THE SOCIAL  
REFORM BRANCH.Men's Hotel Opened at Spokane by the  
Mayor of the City.

(Special.)

RIGADIER HOWELL, the Chief Officer of the Pacific, advises us of the successful opening of a splendid Working Men's Hotel in Spokane. The Mayor of the city turned the key in the lock and declared the place opened. Newspapers gave excellent reports of the ceremony. It is expected that the Hotel will be a boon to many. Spokane is well up to the front now in social work.

## TRIPLIETS.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

SIN avoids the light;  
Salvation brings the light;  
Sanctification is light.

SIN turns from God;  
Salvation looks to God;  
Sanctification possesses God.

SIN throws down;  
Salvation lifts up;  
Sanctification goes down to lift up.

SIN is the enemy of God;  
Salvation is the gift of God;  
Sanctification is the nature of God.

SIN is untruth;  
Salvation is restoration to truth;  
Sanctification is the exercise of truth.

SIN is self-indulgence;  
Salvation is self-denial;  
Sanctification is self-crucifixion.

SIN is blacker than night;  
Salvation is whiter than snow;  
Sanctification is clearer than crystal.

SIN brings sadness;  
Salvation brings gladness;  
Sanctification brings fullness.

SIN makes slaves of the devil;  
Salvation produces servants of God;  
Sanctification creates sons of God.

SIN loves self;  
Salvation loves Jesus;  
Sanctification loves his neighbor.

## Territorial Themes.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

One more year with its sorrows and songs, its difficulties and delights, its defeats and victories, has come and gone. How quickly it has fled by! How lengthily it appeared when we viewed it prospectively! How short it seems now that we have passed it! How short a span is it! How important that we use our opportunities well—for alas, they will soon be gone! We cannot alter the past. What about the future?

This is a good opportunity, and possibly the very best time of all, at the commencement of the New Year, to first make out a full programme for '98, to secondly, determine by the grace and might of Jehovah to carry it out, and thirdly, to cast yourself abroad at the Saviour's feet in that renewed consecration and invigorated faith that will ensure—should God spare you—the very best year you have put in in a year of one continued blessed victorious conflict with the forces of wrong and evil as far as your own heart and life is concerned, and an equally triumphant career of successful grappling with vice, and sin, and shame among those around you, resulting in their salvation through the Blood.

As far as T. H. Q. is concerned, thank God, we are not without a programme. If all becomes accomplished that is contemplated—if all that our devoted, loyal leader, the First Commissioner, purposes and is planning for, gets successfully carried through, we shall have a wonderful year indeed—wonderful with change—wonderful with surprise—wonderful with advance. Shall we make it above all wonderful by the grace of Jesus in bringing home the wanderers and gathering in the children to our Army fold?

One important feature of the New Year's programme is the coming of our revered and beloved General. He is reckoning upon having a wonderful time with us. Let us in our expectant calculations concerning him, depend upon the Holy Ghost to make the General to us individually all that blessing and help, enlightenment and encouragement that he himself is anxious to be, and which would cause disappointment to our hearts were he not. Let us do our part, and pray, believe and prepare to fight with all our might.

As mentioned in last "Themes" another stage in our foot, the outlines of which were well nigh completed. The months of March, April and May will be absorbed in one of most fiery and desperate, attacking the goal of the soul-saving part of our war, that the Territory has seen. A month of soul-saving, a month

of soldier-making, a month of getting candidates is briefly the idea. The Commissioner is working vigorously, getting the necessary machinery ready to put in motion.

The Spokane Men's Shelter has been successfully opened. His Worship, the Mayor, and other city dignitaries taking part in the ceremony, which was conducted by Brigadier Howell. 25 beds and 100 meals were supplied the first day. More beds are being prepared, and a lively demand for them all is expected. God speed this new undertaking!

Brigadier Read has already undertaken his new duties at T. H. Q. and will in future boom the Auxiliary Department. The Central Ontario Province is now divided into two sections, Staff-Captain Minnie being appointed to the Barrie Section, and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave to the Toronto Section, both of whom will report to Major Caslin, who also takes the direct oversight of the Toronto and Hamilton Men's Shelter.

Adit. Stanton succeeds Staff-Captain Hargrave in the Secretary's Department. Other people's quiet nests, too, are being disturbed. It will be well for you to be ready.

The first soul has been captured—saved on the Winnipeg Wood Limit, "and" adds Brigadier Bennett, "more are under conviction, everything is going well."

The J. S. Manual for '98 is now off the press, and is already in the hands of the best yet, it is offered at 10c. less per copy than last year's.

The Eastern Province will do their S.-D. between January 30th and February 6th. Major Fugmore is already "getting up steam," every pound of which he will need. Think not, however, that it is in the heart of "Eastern Warriors" to let other than to leave the records of the past a long way behind.

Brigadier Bennett is the first P. O. to announce this year's S.-D. returns complete, and of course, as usual, has gone a long way over his target. No, I am not permitted here to state the amount who's going to be the champion of '97 is still an undecided question.

The first ten Junior Cadets' causes have been T. H. Q. Newfoundland has the distinctive honor of providing six of these.

over the Circle. Their target was a heavy one, \$250, but anyone who knows the Captain knows that he can get the cash. He rode about 200 miles on horseback, the Lieutenant did a number of miles the same way. The Captain collected personally \$112, and the Lieutenant \$80. They have got the target and two dollars to the good.

Morden is small, but they have a large target, \$170 is no small amount to raise there. They have travelled many miles in right holding meetings at all the places visited and have come in with \$188. Capt. Stokes, the Lieutenant and soldiers deserve great praise for all this. Our District target was \$1,455. We have not \$1,228.25. Every corps reached the target, and thus the District target was easily won. We have all worked hard. Your humble servant wrote no less than eighty-six letters to these five corps on this effort.

T. H. COLLIER.

Major Collier Conducts S.-D. Council  
at Winnipeg.

Major Collier arranged a nice little Council in connection with his final S.-D. meetings in Winnipeg. Emerson, Portage la Prairie, and Selkirk were represented, also the officers from the Shelter, Rescue Home, Garrison and Provincial Office were present. The Major took us through the S.-D. figures, also those in connection with the J. S. boom, and a few other matters. Then he had a few words of testimony all round, and the Major spoke to us on more spiritual matters for about twenty minutes. After a little prayer the council broke up, I trust all feeling better for being there and more determined than ever to fight and conquer. I might say that every corps in Winnipeg District reached their target.

CAPT. TOOKE.

THE  
GENERAL'S  
APPROACHING  
VISIT

Note the Dates and Make Arrangements to be there.

The largest possible bulding have been secured so as to enable the greatest possible number to see and hear the Army's great veteran—the Apostle of the Manes.

## ST. JOHN, N.B.

January 18th—The Centenary  
Church.

January 19th and 20th—The Institute.

## HALIFAX, N.S.

January 21st—The Academy.

January 22nd—Salvation Army Barracks.

January 23rd—The Academy.

## MONTREAL.

January 25th and 26th—St. James' Church.

## OTTAWA.

January 28th.

## KINGSTON.

January 29th and 30th—Salvation Army Barracks.

## PETERBORO.

January 31st—Opera House.

## HAMILTON.

February 1st.

## LONDON.

February 2nd—At Queen's Ave. Church.

## TORONTO.

February 3rd to 6th.

MASSEY MUSIC HALL.

February 3rd, 6th and 7th.

Fuller Particulars Later.



FAITH GROWS STRONG BY FEEDING ON THE PROMISES; THE WORD OF GOD IS ITS NATURAL FOOD.





# THE WAR CRY.

## GAZETTE.

### PROMOTIONS.

LIEUT. HAKIRK, of Selkirk, to be Captain.  
LIEUT. HOLLETT, of Blenheim, to be Captain.

LIEUT. PATTERSON, of Forest, to be Captain at Theford.

LIEUT. FENN, of Walkerton, to be Captain.

**APPOINTMENTS.**  
CAPT. HANNA, Dairy Section, Industrial Farm, to Agricultural Sec. on. Industrial Farm.

CAPT. BROOKS, Dovercourt, to Dairy Section, Industrial Farm.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.

## WAR CRY

THE NEW TRUTH EDITORIAL  
SPECIALLY FOR SOLDIERS OF THE  
SALVATION ARMY.

### Gauge the Present Hour Correctly.

**STANDING** at the threshold of a New Year, as Army does to-day, with such a call to worthily fill his part in God's war during the coming year as each individual soldier has, it behooves us to pause and to join for the future fight, to take a glance backward at the field of our past endeavor, that we may properly gauge the significance of the present moment and be prepared to go forward with that measure of confidence and anticipation warranted by our progress in the past.

### Was a Fight.

It is something towards victory—this gauging the opportunity of the moment. An incident of the Peninsula war well illustrates this. "The British Army lay at Sauroen, before which Sout was advancing, prepared to attack in force. Wellington was absent, and his arrival was anxiously looked for. Suddenly a single horseman was seen riding up the mountain slope. It was the Duke about to join his troops. One of Campbell's Portuguese battalions fired at him, and raised a joyful cry; and then the shrill clamor, caught up by the next regiment, soon rolled on like a flood along the line into that appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved. Suddenly he stopped at a conspicuous point, for he desired both armies should know he was there, and a double cry who was present pointed out Sout, who was so near that his features could be distinguished. Attentively Wellington fixed his eyes on that formidable man, and as he speaking to himself, he said: 'Yonder is a great commander; he is no cautious, he will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of those orders; that will give time for the Sixth Division to arrive, and I shall beat him—which he did.' The great Duke grasped the situation—he caught the full significance of the moment—and thereupon won.

### RETROSPECTIVE.

With respect to the past there is not space to more than touch the tips of the mountain peaks of a few out of the many magnificent accomplishments 1891 has witnessed.

### The Juniors Phenomenal Victory

Take first that branch of the work—second in importance to no other in all the wide range of Army operations—the Junior War. In response to the Commissioner's impassioned calls to duty and diligence in this respect the whole of the forces have swung into line and taken up the work with such a spirit that the advance has been simply phenomenal—just one comparative glimpse at the Territory's statistics proves this—attendance has risen from sixteen thousand to thirty-five thousand.

### Flourishing on the Old Lines.

The General Spiritual work—the Army's old and original line of work—is not only healthy but in many respects advancing. Several new corps have been opened, the number of soldiers has increased at a greater rate than for many years past, the big financial efforts have been highly successful. While it is too soon to speak of the last Self-Denial result, news is at hand of the last Provinces which have already come beyond their target.

### The Daughters of Despair Rescued.

The Women's Social work in all its many branches, is flourishing. More girls are being rescued, more child-wives no longer, hundreds more visits paid to hos-

pitals and prisons by the League of Mercy workers, more money—evidence of increased and widespread sympathy—received, the Big Central Rescue Home is being prepared for Toronto where the demand for more room has been very great, more Soldiers are being opened, and more Slum Fosters started.

### New Developments in the Men's Social Reform Branch.

The Men's Social is in a no less flourishing condition. Spokane's Men's Metropolis was opened in December, Vancouver has a Wood Yard added to its Workmen's Hotel, the Timber Limit near Whinippen is a new venture full of promise, and all the Institutions are doing well, the number of baptisms and work supplied being higher than ever before.

### The War of the People—from the Least to the Greatest—in Toward the Army.

Lastly, there are those high ideas of influence set going at Miss Booth's meetings. We are not now speaking of the glorious soul-saving results which have been secured through the heart and lips of our consecrated leader. Even Toronto, our modern Athens, which capitulates to but few of the greatest although valued by most of them, felt its heart beat warmer and warmer towards the Army's Commissioner with each successive appearance until on that ever-memorable occasion of the altar meeting—when "Miss Booth in Rags" told the tale of a broken heart, it wheeled completely towards the Army, and its workers as well as its poorest to the number of ten thousand crowded to the great Massey Hall, half of them, we regret to say, unable to find room to stand. There is no small significance too that there should be present—for the first time in the history of this country—the very highest dignitaries of the land, their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen. We value the man in the street, of course we do, but we also recognize the honor done to us by a people by such recognition from Her Majesty's representative in this great country. But this by way of parenthesis. We were going to say every comrade must see in such facts as are recorded above, the turning-whole of the eyes and ears of the people of this Territory to the Salvation Army. There is no need for any soldier to hang his head like a bulrush. He is one of a victorious host, and the flag under which he fights waves over an Army which has been and is steadily prospering and progressing. His earthly leader—the woman-warrior who by the grace of God and the commission of the Army's General stands in the place of first responsibility—is one for whom we ought all to be thankful, for never have we been more efficiently represented and never has this blessed Army been more successfully led forward in the glorious fight than since the advent of Field Commissioner Miss Booth. We know she lives in the hearts of the people, and they love her with a bounding loyalty, still we delight to put the facts on record that the world may know we believe in and love our leader and each other.

### PROSPECTIVE.

#### Our Only General is Coming.

Looking forward there is enough to quicken the pulse of the most phlegmatic to fever heat. That great God-given and world-renowned Apostle—servant of the race—General Booth, the founder and director of this mighty, world-wide organized attempt to lift a fallen race back to God—will himself visit soon our country and pour out his heart to God and man for the salvation of the people. For over fifty years the passion of his life has been the saving of men. He himself testifies so and his works declare it more distinctly. That flame of God-given desire, judging by the most recent reports, burns today at a whiter heat than ever before. From Brookline to St. John, at various centres, the great veteran's voice will be heard. Awake and prepare, ye soldiers of God, let us see to it by fervent prayer, both for the General and the people, that the General's Campaign become the occasion of the greatest soul-harvest ever witnessed in our history as a people. Lord grant it. Amen.

#### A Three Months' Monster Siege.

Immediately following the General's visit a great three months' siege will commence. This has been occupying much of the Field Commissioner's attention and will make fuller opportunity for active service for every person who wears the least bit of Salvation red and marches to the advance music of 1892.

Then there are other developments, some of a novel character, but concerning which it is too early to speak at present, but our troops may expect to see the results of a broad, victorious and

developing policy making straight for the salvation of souls and the strengthening in all its parts of this great Army brotherhood.

### Personal.

Inspired with the remembrance of God's goodness in the triumphs of the past, and feeling the thrill of the great events coming in 1892, the question now remains, what is the attitude of each one of us towards God and God's war at this last of 91 and eve of 92? Are we clean? Are we heart-whole towards God and His war? Are we loyal to the King of the Army and each other? It behoves us—every one—to be sure of our standing before God—with our eyes open and our minds awake to this wonderful opportunity—that we stretch ourselves out strenuously to the full of our capacity, and enter upon this coming year unalterably committed to the will of God and the salvation of men. God and Heaven expect great things of us—His grace can qualify us. Our General and Commissioner expect great things of us—God is with them in their leadership of our host. Now for the advance. Step out strong in God, and the record of 1891 will surpass all others. God grant that it may be so.

### REGIMENTAL READ.

#### Sends a Message to Centralians.

**H**AT brave and indefatigable warrior, Brigadier Read, has been obliged to go into winter quarters for the season. He sends the following: Message to the Staff and Field Officers of the Central Ontario Province.

I think, many thanks, for all the loving words of kindness and noble acts of loyalty and love which you have all manifested to dear Mrs. Read and myself during our short command of the Central. As I regret it that sickness prevented my doing what my heart desired to do. But for this physical affliction many other corps would have been visited, and we should have had the great pleasure of meeting more of our comrades on the field. However, count still on both myself and my dear wife to assist you in any possible way we can in the future. Our opportunities for assisting our comrades—officers and soldiers—have not ceased. Continue to fervently pray that God may lay His blessing hand upon my body. Oh! the glories of the front of the battle! Comrades, make the most use of your chances. God bless you all.

### BRIGADIER READ.

#### "WHERE IS THE SCORIE?"

**I**T seems when I undertake to write anything I become universal right away, lose my individuality, draw on memory, and thoughts, if not words, of other men, straightway appear. So writes a contributor, asking at the same time for a few pointers. In reply we would say for his benefit and that of others likewise situated, don't aim to write on abstract matters. Initiate Jesus Christ, and tell something about the affairs of daily life happening around you. What, for instance, can equal that inimitable story of the Prodigal Son? There, in a few words, our Lord paints not only a picture of a frequent happening of that day, but one which as often occurs to-day, and if War Cry writers will follow on the same track our pages will be full of power and interest. People don't care much for moralizings. They skip the little religious lesson ticked on at the end. The General says, "Have something to say, say it and then stop."

### MAJOR AND MRS. SOUTHAL AND THE MARINE BAND

#### At the London Rescue Home.

### (Special.)

**O**UR kind leaders, Major and Mrs. Southall, arranged to have the Marine Band give a musical meeting at the Rescue Home recently. Good things were provided for tea, and the girls and children were arrived first afterwards the Marine Band and city officers enjoyed the repast. Mrs. Southall, Mrs. Turner and the League of Mercy sisters worked hard to have everything a success. The tea was really beautiful, and after it was over some grand selections were given, both brass string and vocal. Bandmaster Kewler soloed "Mother's gone to Heaven," Capt. Taylor sang, "The Drunkard's Song." Major spoke kindly and feelingly of the wounds of Christ opened for the sinner. One of our dear girls sought God's pardon and obtained it. We were very much helped and encouraged by this manifestation of the love and sympathy of our dear comrades, and our poor down-trodden sisters will carry the bright memories of that gathering, with its flowers and songs, light and love, through many a weary hour after they have left us.

STAFF-CAPT. AGGIE COWAN.

### COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER'S COLONIZATION SCHEME

Brilliantly Launched at the Carnegie Hall.

\$20,000 GIVEN AND PROMISED BY THE VAST AUDIENCE.

### (Special.)

**T**HE climax of the Central Chief Division Congress at New York's Carnegie Music Hall was in every sense a mighty demonstration. The audience, numbering over 4,000, was highly enthusiastic and loudly applauded the masterly addresses of the Commander and Consul. The platform arrangement excited no little interest—it included the model of a cottage home on the new colony, and a representation of one of our Food and Shelter Depots. Letters of sympathy were read from many notabilities of State and religious renown, amongst which were conspicuous the words of good will sent by President McKinlay. The collection for the scheme in gifts and promises of \$20,000 is one of the most striking financial successes for one meeting on record.



**"OLD"**  
- OR -  
**The Little Scarf**  
BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

LD TIFF and Kitty had had several talks together during the six weeks between her arrival and Christmas Day, and on each occasion of their meeting the child had made some fresh mark for good upon the bad cold heart. As soon as she had found out



"Hanging well on to his big" by the one village store."

# COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER'S COL ONIZATION SCHEME

Brilliantly Launched at the Carnegie  
Hall.

\$30,000 GIVEN AND PROMISED BY  
THE VAST AUDIENCE.

(Special.)

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## "OLD TIFF," OR The Little Scarlet Figure.

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.



OLD TIFF and Kitty  
had had several  
talks together dur-  
ing the six weeks  
between her arrival  
and Christmas Day.  
and on such occa-  
sions the child had  
made some fresh work  
for good upon the bad  
cold heart. As soon as she had found out

that the old man was sometimes called  
Tiff she so fell in love with the name  
that one day she had told Mary she  
would never trouble about saying that  
big difficult name, "Mr. Goodfey," any  
more, and being ready for her morning  
walk she ran straight away to the coach-  
house to get the old man's consent to her  
calling him by the same name as the  
village children. Mary who watched the  
little scarlet figure running its fastest  
down the garden walk, said, "I ought not  
to have let the child go, he may say  
something cross and unkind to her," and  
looked in the cupboard for her coat to  
follow.

Little Kitty ran straight into  
the coach house and found the old man  
sitting in the corner cleaning the harnesses.  
"Old Tiff," she cried.

"Shut up!" shouted the Old Man,  
with a most fierce expression. Kitty  
quickly turned and ran and shut the  
coach house door, taking away almost  
all the light the place had. Tiff saw in  
a minute that Kitty had mistaken him,  
but was too ashamed to tell her so, and  
so stretched out his long arm and re-  
opened it. "Did you not want it shut?"  
asked Kitty. "I thought you called out,  
'shut it!'"

"Did you?" was the reply. But the  
tones in which these two words were  
spoken were so full of sorrow and gentle-  
ness that the whole household, including  
the Squire, would have been struck with  
wonder had they heard them. Tiff was  
just looking round for the polishing leath-  
er when Kitty with a quick drop of  
her ball began struggling up into Tiff's  
lap. Tiff could never remember having  
a child on his lap—he could never remem-  
ber one wanting to get on. All children  
were frightened of him. But strange as  
it was he could not push her down, he  
could only help her up. Kitty pulled the  
brillie which Tiff was cleaning out of  
his hand, and throwing it round Tiff's  
neck, began to drive with the reins.

"Oh, You do Make a Nice Horse,"  
I can drive you much better than Brown  
does." A smile passed all over the cross  
old face making it look brighter than was  
fancy Tiff's face had looked since he was  
a little boy, for he thought, "Yes, I  
think you can, as you seem to be driving  
me into something that's warm and kind  
like, and something that takes out some  
of the misery that has filled up all my  
life and all my heart," and Tiff could  
have thought a bit more, only Little Kitty  
soon tired of the driving, and turning her  
little head right round to get a good look  
at Tiff's grey eyes, said, "I do want you  
to let me call you by that other name  
you have got. I never can remember  
properly, Mr. Goodfey, and Tiff is such  
a lovely name—I can say it so nicely, and  
I do like it so. It is like my puppa's  
dog's name; my puppa's dog's name  
was Tippetts—it was such a nice doggie—  
it had white feet, white ears and a black  
head, and some white on its tail. My  
mamma was very fond of Tippetts cause  
it was my puppa's doggie—my mamma  
swived when it got killed, and I swived too.

I should say, if you was to die, Tiff,

The poor old man was so impressed  
with the thought of anyone crying after  
him, that he was anxious for the child  
to say more upon that point and asked,  
"Why should you cry if I died? Do you  
know Kitty nobody has ever wanted or  
cried for me?"

"Cause you've never died," replied the  
child. "I should cry, 'cause you would  
be gone away from me. I should not  
have you to talk to—to drive me out, or  
mend my dollies any more. And I would  
feel all alone again, like I did when  
mamma died. I specks you would go  
up in the sky like my mamma and  
puppa," and here the child jumped down,  
and running to the door of the coach  
house, looked up to the heavens and  
called, "Oh, Tiff, it is lonely and white  
up there. My mamma said we would all  
wear white frocks, 'cause nothing dark  
must go in; mamma said the angels  
would have one waiting for me, and I

specks they'd have a lovely white jacket  
for you, and mamma said we don't wear  
hairs—if we were all very good we would  
wear crowns—Oh, you would look nice,  
dear Tiff in

A White Jacket and a Big, Big Crown!

While these last words were spoken  
the little scarlet figure had run back to  
find her old place on Tiff's knee, but the  
old man's head was bent and face was  
covered—he was thinking about "nothing  
dark could go in." How true it was and  
how far he was from a crown and any-  
thing white—how little the child knew  
of how bad he had been—if she was a  
little older he would have told her all  
about it. Well, his heart was so broken  
that he could easily have done so as it  
was, only Kitty seeing Tiff cry immedi-  
ately began to do the same thing her-  
self, and so the old man took her onto  
his lap and tried to smile, while Kitty  
wiped the tears off his poor worn face.  
You are getting cold, little misle, you  
must run away and play."

"Well, may I call you Tiff?"

"Anything you like," said

The Old Man, sniffling up the Last Tear

and the ball was just about to be thrown  
when Mary, who had been detained by  
Mr. Foster, reached the coach house to  
take Kitty her walk.

Between the cook and Mary at the  
dinner table that day there was quite a  
hot argument upon the question of the  
change that she was sure had come over  
the disagreeable groom.

"Why, I tell you, Mary, 'when I  
went to the coach house to-day, I actu-  
ally found the old fellow playing ball  
with the child, and just overheard him  
saying, 'Anytime you like to something  
she had been asking him, and he lifted  
her off the harness stool just as tender  
like as a mother. Don't you call that a  
change from the old groomer he's always  
been, and didn't yer see him yourself lift  
her up as gentle as possible and smile all  
over his ugly face while she patted  
Brown Bess?"

The Cook's Wide Open Mouth and Fixed  
Eyes

would have said she was sure of the  
change, and so she was, only  
she wanted to tell how Old Tiff  
kept the "red, fat-faced boy"  
in the stables doing his work which  
he ought to be cleaning her kitchen, and  
then when she spoke to him about it, Tiff  
just stormed and insulted her by telling  
her to tie up her mouth with her apron,  
and she didn't see any change for the  
better in that—but she did own that Mrs.  
Sergeant's little girl to the washer-  
woman, Mrs. Figgins, and Mrs. Figgins  
told the cook that Mrs. Sergeant's little  
girl said that Old Tiff was growing awfully  
kind—but he gave her two apples for  
picking up his hat, which had blown off,  
and so even in the village as well as in  
the house there were a good many re-  
marks about the change in the Squire's  
groom.

But it was quite four months later that  
something happened which made a topic  
of interest for all the children and down-  
up people of the place. A lovely spring  
evening found the gardener still busy  
with the grass cutter, although his hours  
for work were over. "We must make the  
most of our first long evenings and work  
while it is day," he had said, for he was  
a good, saved man. Mary was running  
here and there picking for Mrs. Foster  
was leaving for Rochester early the next  
day. The cook had gone out to keep an  
appointment with the chemist, who oc-  
cupied a part of Mrs. Sergeant's store,  
having made up her mind to have the  
last lump out which had cost her two  
nights' sleep, and so no one noticed little  
Kitty

Crying all the Way from the Nursery to  
Tiff's Cottage.

There was no knocking, for it was only  
with a sob Kitty pushed open the un-  
latched door, and walked right in.

"Look, Tiff," she said, holding up her  
last new doll, only given her the day be-  
fore, "all twiced."

Tiff was so touched by the sobs of the  
little child that he did not wait to hear  
how the beautiful wax face and arms of  
her treasure became crumbled, but long  
before Kitty could count 20 Tiff had  
been to the house and was back with the  
scarlet clink, which was now only worn  
in the garden, and Kitty was trying to  
keep up with Tiff's big steps, by hanging  
well on to his big hand on her way to  
the one village store.

"Well, 'pon my word," said Mrs. Ser-  
geant, while making attempts to put her  
spectacles straight, she fixed them in a  
more crooked position—"It's enough to  
make a soul weep to see what a change  
that wee little lass has made in that  
wretched old fellow just by her own  
sweet goodness and kindness; she's  
put some good into his bad heart any-  
way." She stood at the old store door as  
long as the old glasses would serve her  
to show the little scarlet figure skipping by  
Old Tiff's side with her bran new doll  
held tight in her arms. It was nothing  
like as good as the broken one, but Kitty

did not seem to see it—it had a china  
face instead of a wax one, but Tiff said  
she could wash it—it had fair hair instead  
of black curls, but Tiff said he liked  
them, best—only his legs instead  
of composite ones, but

Tiff Pointed Out They Wouldn't Be ak.

—Mrs. Sergeant had said she would  
make it shoes and stockings and a pink  
frocks, and so Kitty on her return to the  
cottage felt much richer than before the  
wax doll was broken. But Tiff's tea was  
to be finished and Kitty was going to  
have some with him. The best chair and  
cushion was placed at the table and  
then as nicely as Tiff could cut bread  
and butter it was cut, and then Kitty  
put her two hands together and with  
closed eyes prayed, "Dear Lord, bless  
my food and Tiff and me for Jesus' sake  
amen." Tiff had never asked a blessing,  
and he was so taken aback by Kitty's  
doing so that he was too late in getting  
his eyes shut to share in it. The small  
meal was eaten in the usual way, the con-  
versation following while Kitty sat on her favorite  
stool in front of Tiff's one flower pot, was  
of a most tangled description. The new  
doll, Bess, was the large ball, the gar-  
den base, the frocks, which were dirty  
making, the sky and Tiff's noted stable  
hat, all had their share, at last the clock  
striking made Tiff say something about  
bed-time.

"Oh, yes," said Kitty, "but

I would like to say my Prayers Here  
To-Night

by you, instead of Mary, may I?"

"Certainly, surely," answered Tiff  
with some awkwardness, standing up and  
looking around as though he had dropped  
into an unknown place.

"Will you be right here, like Mary,  
close beside me?"

"Certainly, surely," repeated the old  
man, hardly knowing what he was say-  
ing as he bent his knees, probably for  
the first time in his life. The tall large  
figure had hardly got down beside the  
half-faded tiny child before Kitty had  
started, "Tiff, you bless me and make  
me good, make me very good every day—  
bless uncle and auntie and all my kind  
friends, and bless Tiff, and make Tiff very  
good, and bless my own dear mamma  
angel to fetch us both not to forget to  
send someone to fetch me up to the  
sky one day. I'd like the angels to come  
and ask her to fetch me some angels to  
fetch Tiff too, 'cause he gets very tired  
some days, and would like to go to the  
sky as well. Tiff and I would like the  
angels to fetch us both together, 'cause  
we love each other, and I wouldn't like  
to be left without Tiff, and Tiff wouldn't  
like to be left without me, and please,  
Jesus, will you have my white frock and  
Tiff's white jacket all ready." Here a  
big half-smothered sob from Tiff made  
Kitty open her eyes with a sudden "A-  
men," and

Squeezing Her Little Arms Between the  
Rough Big Hands

covering Tiff's face, she said:

"Tiff, don't cry. Why don't you cry?  
The child repeatedly asked while the  
tears began to gather in her own eyes.  
Kitty wondered if Tiff had broken the  
rig of Brown Bess's harness, like she had  
before. But it was the Lord had broken  
Tiff's hard heart, and he felt he must  
speak out to Kitty, his one true friend,  
where there was picking for Mrs. Foster  
a bad life he had always lived, for just  
to let somebody would help him, and so  
he began.

"You see, missy, I can't never go to  
the sky—I no ways like you—I no ways  
like."

"Oh, but you are fit," chimed in Kitty,

"Everybody's fit when good. My mum-  
ma used to say so, anybody can go to the  
sky who is good."

"Yes, but it's just there, I no ways  
good—never have been—always bad as bad  
can be. My mother died when I was only  
just about as old as you are, you see,  
and my father was wicked and made me  
wicked before I was ten, and I've hated  
everybody and everything, and I've hated  
all everything has hated me ever since,  
and that's just how it be. I can never  
go to the sky, although I know my dear  
mother's there, for she was as good as  
any on them, and the only one that ever  
cared 'bout about me. Oh, how I can  
remember her 'kissing and 'kissing on  
the cheek, and she was 'talking to me  
when they told me she was 'talking to  
me and she died 'talking too. Poor soul,  
all alone wid me, and no one but me at  
think on her, and I never loved nothin'  
since." Here Tiff broke right out crying  
now, and the little brown stable dog  
"Clumsey" began to whine. Kitty's lips  
trembled also, and the

Child Looked Fearfully Troubled as well  
as Half Frightened.

By instinct she felt something great was  
happening, and she did not know  
to what. Something great was happening,  
it was a shiner's heart was breaking,  
and a Saviour with pardoning love was  
near. Kitty could not understand half

"Hanging well on to his big hand on her way to the one village store,"



what Tiff had told her, but she felt she must help him, and half crying and half laughing, she said, "I will tell you what to do, Tiff, when I used to be naughty, if I would say to my mamma that I was sorry and that I would never do it any more, she—my mamma—would always forgive me—so if you would say to Jesus that you were sorry, you would never be bad any more, I am sure Jesus would forgive you, and then you would always be good and go to the sky and see your mamma too. Tiff, shall I tell him for you?"—and before Tiff could say "Yes" or "No," little Kitty in crying tones was praying "Dear Jesus, Tiff says he has been very bad, and he says he is very sorry and he won't be bad any more, and so will You please forgive him, Jesus—and please, Jesus, don't forget to send the angels to fetch him when my mamma sends them to fetch me, 'cause Tiff is going to be good always now, and

**Me Wants to Come and His Mamma in the Skies,**

ton, when I see mine, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

Tiff could not explain it, but as he put Kitty's scariest coat on and led her through the garden, home, he felt happier than he had in his life, and after he had seen his charge safely into the hands of Mary, Tiff went round to John, the gardener, whose religion he had often laughed at, and told him all about Kitty's visit to the cottage. The two men talked until long after midnight, when John, giving Tiff a Bible, said, "Now, Tiff, read it and pray, and the God who has forgiven all your sins will bless and help you until, as little Miss Kitty says, you meet your mother in heaven."

Tiff, at John's advice, made no secret of the change that had taken place, nor how it had come about. He told every body that little Kitty had been the means of his conversion. The whole village soon proved the proof of the story by the great difference there was in him. Since the night of the little ten-penny, he was never seen again in the "Barbentown House." Instead of swearing and cursing he used to sing—and he so became

#### The Friend of Every Child

that a certain corner of the coach house had the appearance of a repair store, for the broken sleighs, horses, dolls, and whips used to find their way to Old Tiff to mend.

But perhaps it was within this broad, low wall which enclosed the Squire's spacious acres that the change in Old Tiff was the most observed. It formed such a topic for the servants' hall that scarcely any village gossip was discussed there for some weeks.

"I never did hold much with people as talked much about their religion," said the cook, as she sat down her 4 o'clock cup one day. "I s'pose say, actions speak louder than words." But whatever it is that has taken hold of Tiff must be practical since

**Was Left Off Chasing His N.ighbour,**

And she flourish in triumph and dangerously near her companion's face a bright and sharp knife.

This somewhat puzzling speech would have been altogether unexplainable had it not been for the scarping noise which issued from the back-kitchen door which seemed to the cook's ear a far sweeter sound than the finest instrumental band. For it told her that her bone of contention with Tiff was now ended and that "the red fat-faced boy" was very contentedly grinding a sharp edge upon her knives.

Mary was ironing Miss Kitty's pinfolds at the moment, but she paused in her careful smoothing of the embroidery frill, to assent to the cook's remark.

"Thomson, the chemist's assistant, told my aunt the other day that he'd bought a new book, as said there weren't no no miracles ever done, but if the difference that there little angelus worked in this very crusty old customer ain't a miracle, I know nothing?" A heavy fluid of her hot implement on the ironing board made a startling emphasis to her words—"but," continued Mary, "just how she's done it is a riddle."

"Not to me," said John, the gardener, who had just stepped in with his basket of fruit for the Squire's delect. "Miss Kitty may be small, but

#### She's Linked on to Heaven so Tight

that the influence of her life brings all God's blessing and power to help her words and sweet little ways."

John was right. It was just that which made Kitty all the blessing that she had been to this poor dark heart and others round about her. She was linked tight on to Heaven.

I wonder if you are a blessing to those who are nearest to you—if by your kindness and love you have ever made a bad heart good—a wretched life happy—ever you have prayed for, and with one who is living near you who you know to be particularly wicked. If not, you should, and you must from this Christmas time, no matter how small you are, or how little you know, begin to see how much light, blessing and joy

you can bring into other lives, remembering that Jesus' grace can make you a saviour, although you may be but a child. Then many will love you in life, and thank you all through eternity for what you have done for them. As Tiff will Kitty.

## A Tenderfoot

**\*\* on a Broneo.**

### A TALE OF THE "WOOLY WEST."

By MRS. BRIGADITR READ.

PART III.

#### "Out of Sight" of His Goal.

Excitement reigned in the Casino Theatre of an enterprising city of the West. Men watched with flashing eyes and bated breath or deep-toned cursings, the progress of the game in which they were engaged.

The piles of American dollars rapidly diminished before one player at the 'keno' table and accumulated in front of the winner as the gambler's "luck" fluctuated with the success of the game was made known.

Ghastly scenes had been enacted under similar circumstances, for simultaneously with the yell of triumph from the lips of the fortunate and the cry of despairing madness from the defeated had oftentimes rung out through the gaudy hall in the midnight hours the pistol report and the death groans of agony from the wounded gambler—

#### Just Clutching His Dearly-Bought Water—

—as he lay prostrate in his own blood upon the tobacco-stained floor.

Not only were men furrowed and grey in iniquity gathered in that gaming room, but the youthful were there. Young, strong, and promising men, spending the evening away from wives, sisters, and mothers. Boys, too, fresh young lads from school, counter, workshop, home circle, the plough, and ranch, all being lured in degrading appetites and vice.

Suddenly a singular thing happened: Every head was lifted, every eye, for a moment directed towards the wide entrance. Two girls plainly clad in the always distinctive garb of this Army, blue dresses and poke bonnets, walked into the long room.

#### 'Twas a Strange Place for a Woman to Enter,

but these young women bore with them an indelible air of separateness from their surroundings, and with the quiet confidence manifested as they stepped gently about came the impression that their appearance there was a thing to be expected.

No words or loud remarks greeted them. Hardened and sly as was the majority of that 'keno' hall crowd, they had a profound respect for the Army girls who dared to come to them with messages of love and purity.

Mingling in that crowd was conscience-stricken by the slight-perchance were many others. He tries to hide the blush of shame and unconsciously go on with his playing.

He quietly takes a row "chips" from his pile and requests the Dealer to give him a dollar in exchange, and waits anxiously for the approach of the Army girls with their War Cry.

Why does our boy shudder, tremble and glance suddenly upward? Surely he is mistaken! It cannot be! But no, 'tis even so!

#### A Tear has Fallen on His Hand!

The brave Captain's heart is moved by the sight of the young boys at the table—plunging into a vortex of future sorrow and anguish, and her womanly sympathy is expressed by the silent falling tear.

Al. Jack Lechin, why did you not heed that tear?

'Twould have saved you the shedding of many!!!

(To be Continued.)

O "For many a year God has loved you, but you have derived no joy from it. Yet you can't love the daisy in the field without getting joy from it. And, oh, the joy of loving the Christ of the Cross! Oh, the joy of love shed abroad in the heart! If you have not got it, you are outside God's homelife.

#### LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Terrence Ward, 100 Queen Street West, Toronto, for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN HARRIS, 607 James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

# UNIFORMS

## DEPARTMENT.

**WE** are in position to give entire satisfaction. The following testimony is only ONE OUT OF MANY that reach us right along:—

DEAR STAFF-CAPTAIN:

I received the Tunic this morning. Thanks for promptness. It is a perfect fit. Am delighted with it.

W. KING.

We can supply Suits of the best English

Serges, indigo dye, from - - - \$16.00 UP

Men's Winter Overcoats, from - - - \$13.00 UP

Ladies' Winter Ulsters, with Long

Cape, from - - - \$14.00 UP

Samples of Goods and Measurement Forms sent free on application. It will do to fill out the forms given below.

If you are in urgent need and cannot wait until samples are sent you we will always send you the best goods we can for your money. Terms—NET CASH.

### SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS.

DATE.....189

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Height.....feet.....inches. Weight.....lbs.

#### Coat Measure.

1. Collar Seam to Waist B.....
2. Waist B to length desired C.....
3. Middle of Back to Elbow F.....
1. On to C for full length of sleeve.....

Chest not expanded as much as possible while the measure is being taken, but as in the act of conversation, which gives the natural proper size.

Take Breast and Waist measures under Coat and over Guernsey.

Around Breast at H.....

Waist at I.....

Size around Neck.....

For Overcoat.....

Take Breast and Waist measures over the under coat.

Breast..... Waist.....

Pants Measure.

Pants should be well drawn up in crotch and legs kept perfectly straight while measuring.

Outside seam, from top of Waistband to heel seam of shoe.....

Inside seam, from crotch N to heel seam of shoe.....

Around the Waist, under Vest.....

Around the Seat P (the largest part).....

Around the Knee, for width desired.....

Around the Foot M, for width desired.....

Pockets wanted.....

REMARKS—State any particulars that will assist in giving a definite idea of shape.....

#### FOR WOMEN.

#### Ulster Measurement.

Top of Back to 7, and on to full length at 10.....

3 to 4, and on to full length of sleeve at 5, arm in position as shown.....

Bust, close up under arms as at 6, and over most prominent part in front.....

Waist as at 6..... Hips as at 9.....

Size of Neck at 1.....

SHORT JACKETS MADE—THE VERY BEST FIT.

Beautiful Silk Handkerchiefs, White, 20x20, with General's Photograph.

If you want a bargain this is a snap. Only a small number left.

Beautiful Enslas with separate Photographs of the Commissioner, General Booth and the Late Mrs. Booth, at 10 cents each. They are real beauties.

**JNO. M. C. HORN,**

Trade Secretary.



Bothwell, Ont.—Glad to be week spiritually. Two souls tion. Praise God. Yours in C. Jarvis, Capt.

Hamilton II.—Self-Denial is We won by the grace of God. past week four out for a One who was there—C. J.

Moose Jaw.—God is leading Denial target smashed. The one country meeting. This are O. K.—J. H. Meddagh, I.

Mandan.—We have success turning another prisoner (the doctor also returned to the dora in good trim. Consider—McGill.

Chesterville.—God is wo midst. During week five have knelt at the Cross. C. ing. Finances good. Halley McFarlane, for Capt. McK.

Virdean, Man.—Wentler ve Denial over. God our target inge yesterday. Soldiers country. One sin-sick blood through Jesus' blood.—Ree

Petrol.—We praise God Last Sunday we had the four precious souls came and cry for pardon. We are victories—L. A. Mathew

North Bay.—Have had all week. Trades Union 4 us. Praise Him. Four friends. Yours fighting I Cook.

Hamilton II.—Last w with Self-Denial, but no look after the lost ones, night a poor prodigal ear their home again.—Fred

Minot, N. D.—B-D. vic (target. Soldiers and our son worked hard. God bl God's help we are going f no defeat. Believing for tory.—R. Jarvis, Capt. I.

St. Albans, Vt.—Two brought into the fold of the past two weeks. E. target. Praise the dea and McNaney.

Gannock.—God is f can be against us. We c ing in many ways. W one recruit getting ena for that—C. A. Dickin Root and Lieut. Manne

New Whitcomb, Wash ing on fighting sin wit Enjoyed Adit. Hay's six sought God. Halley target is O. K. Had battle, singing eighty-f two sales without sto E. Prenter.

Drumpton.—We have in the old town this devil of indifference we comrades held hold of P Prayer and hard work for two souls and doub seek the glory of our C—W. G. W., Capt.

on. One young man of ters and wanted us. Which we did and he G glory! He was never believe he will make o have had three sock cleanse, this week. glory.—Lieut. Sparks.

Woodstock, Ont.—W devil on all sides. M with us. Major and M tiful time. Sunday I dealt with both Chris the former confessing er and the latter o God did bless us, and wept their way to the

Bang Went the Drum Whiskey

Gloucester, C. B.—What's the matter? one of the worst dru got saved this week. We have a fine dru night while passing noise from the dru whiskey bottle from bang. Down with up with the Cross. A. Radbury, Capt.





Bothwell, Ont.—Glad to report good work spiritually. Two souls for salvation. Praise God. Yours in the war.—C. Jarvis, Capt.

Hamilton II.—Self-Denial is of the past. We won by the grace of God. During the past week four out for sanctification. One who was there—C. J. J.

Moore Jaw.—God is leading us. Self-Denial target smashed. Three souls at one country meeting. Things in general are O. K.—J. H. Meddagh, R. C.

Mandan.—We have succeeded in capturing another prisoner this week. A deceiver also returned to the ranks. Soldiers in good trim. Confident of victory.—McGill.

Chesleville.—God is working in our midst. During week five precious souls have knelt at the Cross. Crowds increasing. Finances good. Hallelujah!—Maude McFarlane, for Capt. Melick.

Virton, Man.—Weather very cold. Self-Denial over. Got our target. Good meetings yesterday. Soldiers in from country. One sin-sick soul sought pardon through Jesus' blood.—Reg. Cor.

Petrolia.—We praise God for victory. Last Sunday we had the joy of seeing four precious souls come to the Cross and cry for pardon. We are in for greater victories.—L. A. Mathers, Capt.

North Bay.—Have had good meetings all week. Trades Union meeting Thursday night. Good crowd. God is helping us. Praise Him. Found some good friends. Yours fighting for God—Chas Cook.

Hamilton II.—Last week very busy with Self-Denial, but not too busy to look after the lost ones, and on Sunday night a poor sinner came to his Father's name again.—Fred Burion, Capt.

Minot, N. D.—B-D victory. \$24.00 over target. Soldiers and our friend Mr. Tupper worked hard. God bless them. With God's help we are going forward knowing no defeat. Believing for all round victory.—R. Jarvis, Capt., L. Smith, Lieut.

St. Albans, Vt.—Two more souls brought into the fold of Christ during the past two weeks. Everybody interested in Self-Denial. Went over our target. Praise the dear Lord—Stalges and McNamey.

Quamouque.—God is for us and who can be against us. We can see God working in many ways. Week ended with one recruit getting on his feet. Thank God for that.—C. A. Dickinson, for Captain Root and Lieut. Mamie.

New Whitcomb, Wash.—We are marching on fighting sin with all our might. Enjoyed Adjt. Hay's visit very much. Six sought God. Hallelujah! Our S-D target is O. K. Had a great singing battle, singing eighty-four choruses and two solos without stopping.—Lieut. W. B. Prentice.

Drumpton.—We have had a hot time in the old town this past few days. The devil of indifference we routed. Our dear comrades laid hold of S-D with a might. Prayer and hard work won for the Master two souls and double our target. We seek the glory of our Christ in all. Amen.—W. G. W., Capt.

on. One young man came into the quarters and wanted us to pray for him, which we did and he got blessedly saved. Glory! He was never saved before; we believe he will make a good soldier. We have had three seek salvation, and four cleansing, this week. To God be all the glory.—Lieut. Sparks.

Woodstock, Ont.—We are thrashing the devil on all sides. Wednesday we had with us Major and Mrs. Southall. Beautiful time. Sunday a day of power. God dealt with both Christians and sinners: the former confessing their lack of power and the latter confessing their sins. God did bless us, and at night six souls went their way to the Cross.—Reg. Cor.

Bang Want the Drum—Down Went the Whiskey Bottle.

Glac Bay, W. B.—Hurrah! Hurrah! What's the matter now? I'll tell you. One of the worst drunkards of the place got saved this week and is doing fine. We have a fine drum hero. This other night while passing by a rum shop the noise from the drum brought down a whiskey bottle from the shelf with a bang. Down with the whiskey devil, up with the Cross.—L. Penny, Ensign. A. Bradbury, Capt.

New Westminster, B. C.—We had a visit from Adjt. Hay, our new Light Brigade Agent. We believe he was made a blessing to both saved and unsaved. Praise God. One backslider came home again and received the pardon of his sins.—E. Murchie.

Mandan, N. D.—Praise God we are on the up grade. The Lord has given us many victories in the past. We reached our S-D target, which was \$30.00. And three souls came to Jesus since last report. We give God all the glory.—Sgt. Major Mitchell.

Clinton.—Victory is on our side. Hallelujah! Thursday night we had a four-cornered meeting. Oh, what a noise, but God heard our prayers and sent one dear sister. Praise God forever. Sunday night a wandering boy returned to the fold.—Jas Bezo, Reg. Cor.

St. Albans, Vt.—We are still trusting in God and believing for victory. One backslider returned to the fold yesterday (Sunday). Capt. McNamey has left us to hold the fort here, as he has gone to assist there for a few days during Adjt. Hunter's illness.—G. L. Parry.

Listowell.—Had the joy of seeing four precious souls—prodigals—at the pentent form on Sunday night. One an ex-Candidate. All professed to having received what they came for. Capt. McDonald is over helping the Palmerstonians for a week, so Lieut. Payton is holding the fort alone.—E. M. Archer, R. C.

Holmes.—Souls are coming to the Mercy Seat. On Thursday night a big crowd assembled to hear the Juniors sing, recite, etc. The people seemed to thoroughly enjoy the meeting. The Lord is with us and we are marching on to win precious souls by His grace and power. Amen!—Bee. Cashin.

Palmerston.—Capt. and Mrs. Fisher have taken charge of our corps and are doing their utmost to extend God's Kingdom. We are to have a Christmas Tree Dec. 23rd, which we hope will be a booming success. Our soldiers and Juniors are selling the tickets like hot cakes. Brother Scott Cowan has sold twenty-seven and expects to double that number. Hallelujah! We are believing for great things.—C. B. and P. L.

Carbonara, Nfld.—Good crowds all the week. Sunday a blessed day. Although we felt all day and caught nothing. At night we let down the net for the last time and after a hard pull drew on shore two good fish. Our prayer is that they will be faithful to God. War Cry is sold out. May God bless Sergis. Ash and Snook who try so hard to push the dear old War Cry. Glory to our battle cry.—Capt. and Mrs. Cooper.

Fenelon Falls.—Tearing times. Crowds unparalleled in the history of the Army here. The spirit of God holding the people spellbound, and we are determined to bring the importance of life and the realities of death before the people here. God is not only able to cause the people to weep, but to break their hard and stony hearts. Yours expecting a mighty smash soon.—Lieut. Titus for Capt. and Mrs. Williams.

Vancouver, B. C.—Just a line to say we are marching on. Had a visit from our worthy P. O. and the J. S. G. B. M. warrior. Self-Denial all the talk now. The devil is not forgetting us. He is showing himself in many ways to blight, hinder and upset the work. Oh, this narrow minded microscopic miserly devil, how he goes around with his little box of pills or bits of poison giving all he can a dose. Still we march on having victory, although some succumb to his Satanic Majesty's craftiness.—M. Ayro.

Yarmouth, N. S.—Saturday, Sunday and Monday we had Capt. Davis Smith with us. Of course his singing and playing were quite an attraction. In the Sunday night meeting five souls came to God and proved His power to save. Four of them were in the march and on the platform Monday night. On that evening a splendid musical meeting was held, when the cornet solos by Capt. Smith and singing by some of the comrades were much appreciated. The solo by Adjt. Hail, "The last hymn," was especially touching.—A. Y. L.

Keewatin, Ont.—What's that? Was the devil busy last Sunday? Well, you should have been at Keewatin. We had a pitched battle resulting in our defeating Lucifer out of three precious souls.

who were drawn by the split of God to the pentent form, there they wept bitter tears on account of sin. But as God is God of mercy He freely pardoned them all their sin. They rose to their feet testified to the knowledge that God had saved them. To God be all praise.—Cadet N. Anderson.

Livingston.—We are thanking God for the victory in Self-Denial. We shall get our target. And also thank God for the souls He has given us. We believe God is going to make them soldiers of the cross and fighters for His cause. Yours in the fight.—M. A. Wale.

Larimore, N. D.—We all praise God for the way He is leading and keeping us. We feel that He is very near us all the time. Good meetings every night. Sgt. Major Brainerd is conducting the Junior meetings while here. Crys and Soldiers all sold out. Yours in the war.—Jas. W. Gombie, R. C.

Annapolis.—Annapolis is not dead, but is still marching on. Since coming here we have had the joy of seeing two precious souls kneel at the Mercy Seat. Our children's meeting on Thanksgiving night was a decided success. People were delighted. God is wonderfully blessing us in many ways. We are looking to Him for victory.—L. B. Traflet, Capt., J. Laws, Lieut.

Bridge-town.—Since coming to Bridge-town we have seen a few souls kneeling at the Cross, and thank God some are still proving that the crimson tide flows to wash away sin. Our War Cry we manage to dispose of, and little Alton Ramsey sells the Young Soldier, ten every week. Ensign Perry with us last night with magic lantern. Good meetings. We mean to face the foe and never run away. Yours fighting.—E. England, Capt., E. Worme, Cand.

Stratford.—We are having some good meetings in this place. God is saving souls both in the Junior and Senior meetings. From Bayfield, too, comes the glorious news of souls getting right with God. The barracks packed out, not even standing room left. The Captain says you should just come and see. They have also struck their S-D target. I am believing for a glorious revival all around the District this winter. Yours to push the battle.—D. F. McAmmond, Adjt.

Portage.—Sunday was a good day all round. Three out for holiness. Soldiers of fire. Monday night Capt. Wilkins lectured on his life. "Eight and a half years before the mast." Tuesday, Klondike meeting, in full regalia—hand signals, baggage, shovels, etc.—on the march. Wednesday, Social meeting, led by the J. S. Secretary, Ensign Smith. One soul in the Fountain. Glory to God! Thursday, "Trades Union" meeting. Friday, "Singing around time," when Capt. Wilkins sang 20 choruses twice over, together with four solos. Time, 65 minutes. Our audiences are growing, and interest in salvation is increasing. Backsliders are coming home, for all of which we give God the glory. Cadet Herringshaw.

#### FOUR-DECKER WEDDING CAKE

Hallelujah Wedding at Cape Breton.

(Special.)

Thanksgiving Day was a red letter day in the life of two, at least, of the soldiers of the North Sydney corps. Sgt. Major Harding has disappeared and Mrs. Sec. Buffet taken her place. Brother Buffet and Sister Harding were married by Rev. Mr. MacDonald, Baptist Clergyman, minister by Adjt. Miller, in the Royal Albert Hall on Thanksgiving night. Capt. McLeod acted the part of best man, and Candidate Neil Smith was best man. The hall was well filled and so was the platform. Capt. Bowering said it was the best wedding he had ever attended, except his own. The bride looked very nice in her "Army outfit of Blue," while the groom, judging by his face, was one of the happiest men in the hall. Rev. Mr. MacDonald thought we were a very happy crowd, and would have liked to remain with us until the last amen had been spoken, but an important engagement compelled him to leave before the close. Evidently he has a happy salvation himself, as he said he "could dance in his soul." The wedding banquet was ready in the barracks and as soon as the meeting was over everyone made off in that direction. Someone remarked "It was worse that the rush to the Klondike," for the stairs and into the barracks they poured, but everything was ready, and there was room for all. The four-story wedding-cake, the work of Sergis, McQueen, was a beauty. Adjt. Miller had the barracks all newly painted for the occasion. Secretary and Mrs. Buffet have both been faithful soldiers of the corps for some years and are held in great esteem by their comrades and friends, many of whom they have been the means of helping and blessing on their way to the Kingdom.—Cadet MacKenzie, for Adjt. Miller.

#### MIXTURES.

Major Gaskin is working on a serial story for the War Cry.

Ensign Ebbary has been transferred from Newfoundland to Canada.

An article will shortly appear from Adjt. Mrs. Wilfred Creighton. Somerset, Bermuda, was announced for opening on the 15th of December.

"All about the League of Mercy work in Toronto," by the sub-editor, will appear shortly.

Adjt. T. H. Adams has arrived in Chicago, and has taken charge of the Princess Kirk there.

Major Pugmire has a weekly paper for the officers of the East entitled "The Eastern Star."

The Sick and Wounded Fund in East Ontario will in future be paid every week instead of only monthly.

Staff-Capt. Gage and family have returned to St. John from their rest at Yarmouth, very much better in health.

"Electric Sparks," is the title of Brigadier Street's new weekly, and the motto for the same is "The Five Wins."

In writing the Editorial portion recently Ensign J. K. Miller, of Digby, N. S., gives his testimony thus: "My health is steadily improving, my soul is well."

His Excellency, the Governor-General of Canada, has kindly promised to take the chair at the General's meeting at Ottawa.

Commander Booth-Tucker conducted a big meeting in the Central Music Hall, Chicago, in the interest of the Colonization scheme.

Adjt. Alice Goodwin, of Grand Forks, North Dakota, has promised one of her Sunday morning Bible talks for the War Cry Platform.

Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker promotes Capt. Adams to the rank of Adjutant at an afternoon meeting in the Princess Kirk, Chicago, shortly after his arrival.

Three pages of folio-sized paper full of questions are being sent to the "powers that be" in the various Provinces, all to ensure perfect arrangements for the General's meetings.

Everyone will be pleased to note the promotion of Lieut. Fynn, Holloft, and Patterson to the rank of Captain. They having done four years' service each.—Comrade, West Ontario.

Adjt. Jordan, Rescue Home, 119 Wentworth St., Hamilton, thanks the War Cry inasmuch as it was the means of restoring to her her cape which was lost at the Anniversary Demonstrations.

A superb lithographic picture of the General, fit to appear on the walls of a palace, occupies the central place in a huge poster announcing the General's meetings. Look out for it.

Provincial Officer Southall has opened a new barracks and quarters at Ridge-town. He says it is a fine property, splendidly fixed, reflecting credit on the officers concerned and the D. O.

NOTICE TO REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS.—The editor wants to know what is the best thing you have heard in connection with the Junior work lately. Please let your reply be within the limit of one hundred words.

Arrived at the Editorial Office—a photo, name of original unknown. There it lay marked with the brief but forcible query, "Who?" Will someone kindly tell us who's Who? The photo is taken by Salmon, of North Head, St. John.

Lieut. Colonel Brewer has sent us a couple of numbers of "The Battle Cry," his weekly for officers. It is plentifully illustrated and is not excelled by anything else we have seen of the kind. We will have more to say with respect to it later.

Eleven pages of closely-written typed matter has been sent out from the General Secretary's office to the Provincial Officers containing full regulations as sanctioned by the General for all arrangements in connection with his demonstrations.

The following changes, according to The Eastern Star, were effected in December in the Eastern Province: Ensign Graham and Capt. Anderson, on full pay; Ensign Hendricks and Captain Prince, to Windsor; Ensign Ebbary, to Halifax; as 2nd pro tem; Ensign Gamble to Dartmouth; Captain Jennings, and Lieut. Hudson, to Cribton; Capt. F. Clark, to St. Stephen; Capt. Pancy, to Dartmouth (2nd); Capt. Butler, recently promoted, to Newfoundland, on full pay; Lieut. Richards, to Stellarton; Lieut. Gratton, to Westville; Lieut. O'Brien, to Lunenburg; pro tem; Lieut. Green to Summerside.

# Heroes of the Paper War

## SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE WAR CRY HUSTLERS.

The East has the Biggest Army on the Field.

### EASTERN PROVINCE—12 Boomer.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown	490
Sergt. Major Carr, Windsor, N. S.	194
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	171
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow	154
Capt. Hekey, Hamilton, Ber.	154
Capt. Clarke, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	147
Sergt. Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	147
Lieut. Martin, Woodstock, N. B.	117
Father Armstrong, St. John, N. B.	117
Capt. Perry, New Brunswick	109
Capt. Clarke, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	91
Adj. Alkenhead, Halifax I.	83
Capt. Priddy, Amherst, N. S.	83
Capt. Bowring, Sydney, C. B.	86
Sergt. Morrison, Glace Bay	76
Lieut. Cooley, Lunenburg, N. S.	76
Capt. Forsyth, St. John's, N. B.	69
Sister McLeod, Moncton	69
John Smith, St. Georges, Ber.	62
Lieut. Miller, Digby	61
Cadet Mullart, Fredericton	61
Capt. Clark, St. Stephen	60
Sergt. Mrs. Crane, Fredericton	60
Capt. Bradbury, Moncton	60
Capt. McRoberts, Sydney	60
Konketh Duncumb, Hamilton, Ber.	50
Sis. Susie Shano, Halifax I.	43
Mrs. Capt. Dowling, Sydney	39
Sis. Glavey, St. Georges, Ber.	39
Corp. Jessie Irons, Windsor, N. S.	39
E. Vallis, Hamilton, Ber.	36
A. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	36
Sis. Marshall, Digby	36
L. Burbridge, Windsor, N. S.	36
Mary Pollock, Fredericton (av. 3 wks)	32
Sarah Beer, St. Georges, Ber.	30
Bro. Glavey, St. Georges, Ber.	30
Maud Beatty, Fredericton	25
Sergt. J. Moore, Windsor, N. S.	24
Maggie Beatty, Fredericton	24
Sister Booker, Fredericton (av. 3 wks)	23
John McVicar, Glace Bay	23
John Spencer, Glace Bay	23
Sister Vandine, Woodstock, N. B.	21
Sergt. Brothers, Windsor, N. S.	21
Sis. Blakeney, Moncton, N. B.	20
S. McDonald, Digby	20
Lieut. Webb, Sydney Mines	20

### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE—37 Boomer.

Capt. Hill, Montreal II.	112
Ensign Walker, Belleville (av. 2 wks)	110
Ensign Parker, Quebec av. 3 wks	94
Ensign Stinger, St. Albans, Vt. (av. 2 wks)	83
Capt. McNaney, St. Albans, Vt. (av. 2 wks)	83
Lieut. Sleeth, Pembroke (av. 2 wks)	81
Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall (av. 2 wks)	81
Cadet Hamilton, Houlton, Me.	72
Lieut. Dora, Ottawa	62
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	57
Sister F. Smith, Wallacaburg	57
Capt. French, Peterboro (av. 2 wks)	45
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks)	44
Sis. A. Seaback, Brockville	44
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt. (av. 2 wks)	40
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	40
Sergt. Dunne, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks)	40
Cadet Brown, Montreal II.	40
Sis. N. Smith, Wallacaburg	40
Lieut. Barrett, Brockville	31
Treas. Vette, Barre, Vt.	31
Capt. Root, Gananoque (av. 2 wks)	31
Lieut. Sparks, Houlton, Me. (av. 2 wks)	30
Lieut. Macleod, Gananoque (av. 2 wks)	30
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	27
Maud Wilson, Ottawa	27
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall (av. 2 wks)	25
Sergt. Verner, Ottawa	25
Sis. Logie, Montreal I.	25
Lieut. Currie, Belleville	20
Sergt. Root, Belleville	20
Sis. Burke, Belleville	20
Sergt. Schneider, Pembroke (av. 2 wks)	20
Mother Lewis, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks)	20
Minnie Woods, Peterboro	20
Jennie Bowring, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Braund, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20

### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE—37 Boomer.

Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple	151
Sister Terry Lindsay	103
Cand. Skedden, Hamilton I. (av. 2 wks)	65
Capt. White, Brampton	65
Ensign Taylor, Owen Sound	62
Lieut. Mainland, North Bay	62
Father Dixon, Temple	62
Sergt. Brues, Hamilton I. (av. 2 wks)	48
Lieut. Meeks, Feversham	48
Sergt. Emily Howell, Riverside	36
Capt. Burton, Hamilton II. (av. 2 wks)	36
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	30

Capt. McCann, North Bay	29
Mory Robinson, Riverside	29
Bro. Cass, Hamilton I. (av. 2 wks)	25
Bro. Johnson, Hamilton I.	25
Sister Gilks, Yorkville (av. 2 wks)	25
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	25
Capt. Hart, Temple	25
Father Curry, Hamilton II. (av. 2 wks)	21
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I. (av. 2 wks)	21
Sister Connell, Hamilton I.	20
Sister Bentley, Hamilton I.	20
Uncle George, Hamilton I. (av. 2 wks)	20
Bro. Cherry, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Guthrie, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Turner, Hamilton I.	20

### WEST ONTARIO—18 Boomer.

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont. (av. 2 wks)	185
Myrtle Crawford, Clinton	87
Ida Bezo, Clinton	87
Capt. Collett, Galt	80
Mrs. Scott, Guelph (av. 2 wks)	80
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	58
Mrs. Dawson, Guelph	47
Sergt. Mrs. Glover, Dresden (av. 2 wks)	42
Capt. Jarvis, Bothwell	42
Willie Conder, Clinton	40
Lieut. Jordison, Bothwell	35
Sister Brindley, Goderich	35
Capt. Stephens, Galt	36
Sis. Knuckle, Goderich	34
Lieut. Hodgson, Goderich	33
Eva Simpson, Guelph (av. 2 wks)	28
Sister Ellis, Dresden	21
Sergt. Major Graham, Thamesville	20

### NORTH-WEST PROVINCE—14 Boomer.

Cadet Exstrum, Winnipeg	163
Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg (av. 2 wks)	145
Lieut. Lloyd, Portage la Prairie (av. 2 wks)	123
Cadet Strong, Winnipeg	124
Lieut. Barker, Brandon	95
Capt. Graham, Edmonton	70
Capt. Jackson, Grand Forks (av. 2 wks)	61
Mamie McLeod, Edmonton	57
Cadet Herringshaw, Rat Portage	56
Cadet Anderson, Rat Portage (av. 2 wks)	52
Capt. Dwyer, Portage la Prairie (av. 2 wks)	36
Lieut. Barker, Grand Forks	22
Annie Pierce, Edmonton	22
Lieut. Kenner, Bismarck	20

### PACIFIC PROVINCE—12 Boomer.

Mrs. Ady Ayro, Vancouver	125
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2 wks)	107
Capt. Scott, Billings, Mont. (av. 2 wks)	106
Lieut. Thoen, Livingston (av. 2 wks)	97
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C.	71
Sergt. Van Camp, Dillon	70
Cadet Rita Gains, Victoria	66
Sister Mortimer, Victoria (av. 2 wks)	65
Lieut. Kroll, New Westminster (av. 2 wks)	62
Capt. Bowers, North, B. C.	60
Capt. May, New Westminster	40
Sister Davies, Vancouver	40
Sister R. Gaines, Vancouver	20

## HONOR ROLL.

THE following are the names and totals of boomers unavailably held over from the issue of the 15th: Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 400; Capt. Gerrie Hekey, Hamilton, Ber., (av. 2 wks) 300; Cadet Exstrum, Winnipeg, 163; Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I., 171; Sergt. Major Carr, Windsor, N. S., 194; Lieut. Dora, Pictou, Ont., 160; Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg, 145; Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple, 151; Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow, 154; Mrs. Capt. Dowling, Sydney, 39; Mrs. Glavey, St. Georges, Ber., 39; Corp. Jessie Irons, Windsor, N. S., 39; E. Vallis, Hamilton, Ber., 36; A. Smith, Hamilton, Ber., 36; Sis. Marshall, Digby, 36; L. Burbridge, Windsor, N. S., 36; Mary Pollock, Fredericton (av. 3 wks), 32; Sarah Beer, St. Georges, Ber., 30; Bro. Glavey, St. Georges, Ber., 30; Maud Beatty, Fredericton, 25; Sergt. J. Moore, Windsor, N. S., 24; Maggie Beatty, Fredericton, 24; Sister Booker, Fredericton (av. 3 wks), 23; John McVicar, Glace Bay, 23; John Spencer, Glace Bay, 23; Sister Vandine, Woodstock, N. B., 21; Sergt. Brothers, Windsor, N. S., 21; Sis. Blakeney, Moncton, N. B., 20; S. McDonald, Digby, 20; Lieut. Webb, Sydney Mines, 20; Capt. Hill, Montreal II., 112; Ensign Walker, Belleville (av. 2 wks), 110; Ensign Parker, Quebec av. 3 wks, 94; Ensign Stinger, St. Albans, Vt. (av. 2 wks), 83; Capt. McNaney, St. Albans, Vt. (av. 2 wks), 83; Lieut. Sleeth, Pembroke (av. 2 wks), 81; Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall (av. 2 wks), 81; Cadet Hamilton, Houlton, Me., 72; Lieut. Dora, Ottawa, 62; Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall, 57; Sister F. Smith, Wallacaburg, 57; Capt. French, Peterboro (av. 2 wks), 45; Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks), 44; Sis. A. Seaback, Brockville, 44; Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt. (av. 2 wks), 40; Sergt. Thompson, Belleville, 40; Sergt. Dunne, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks), 40; Cadet Brown, Montreal II., 40; Sis. N. Smith, Wallacaburg, 40; Lieut. Barrett, Brockville, 31; Treas. Vette, Barre, Vt., 31; Capt. Root, Gananoque (av. 2 wks), 31; Lieut. Sparks, Houlton, Me. (av. 2 wks), 30; Lieut. Macleod, Gananoque (av. 2 wks), 30; Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall, 27; Maud Wilson, Ottawa, 27; Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall (av. 2 wks), 25; Sergt. Verner, Ottawa, 25; Sis. Logie, Montreal I., 25; Lieut. Currie, Belleville, 20; Sergt. Root, Belleville, 20; Sis. Burke, Belleville, 20; Sergt. Schneider, Pembroke (av. 2 wks), 20; Mother Lewis, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks), 20; Minnie Woods, Peterboro, 20; Jennie Bowring, Peterboro, 20; Mrs. Braund, Peterboro, 20; Mrs. Green, Peterboro, 20; Capt. White, Brampton, 65; Ensign Taylor, Owen Sound, 62; Lieut. Mainland, North Bay, 62; Father Dixon, Temple, 62; Sergt. Brues, Hamilton I. (av. 2 wks), 48; Lieut. Meeks, Feversham, 48; Sergt. Emily Howell, Riverside, 36; Capt. Burton, Hamilton II. (av. 2 wks), 36; Capt. Stolliker, Riverside, 30; Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont. (av. 2 wks), 185; Myrtle Crawford, Clinton, 87; Ida Bezo, Clinton, 87; Capt. Collett, Galt, 80; Mrs. Scott, Guelph (av. 2 wks), 80; Sergt. McDougall, Goderich, 58; Mrs. Dawson, Guelph, 47; Sergt. Mrs. Glover, Dresden (av. 2 wks), 42; Capt. Jarvis, Bothwell, 42; Willie Conder, Clinton, 40; Lieut. Jordison, Bothwell, 35; Sister Brindley, Goderich, 35; Capt. Stephens, Galt, 36; Sis. Knuckle, Goderich, 34; Lieut. Hodgson, Goderich, 33; Eva Simpson, Guelph (av. 2 wks), 28; Sister Ellis, Dresden, 21; Sergt. Major Graham, Thamesville, 20; Cadet Exstrum, Winnipeg, 163; Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg (av. 2 wks), 145; Lieut. Lloyd, Portage la Prairie (av. 2 wks), 123; Cadet Strong, Winnipeg, 124; Lieut. Barker, Brandon, 95; Capt. Graham, Edmonton, 70; Capt. Jackson, Grand Forks (av. 2 wks), 61; Mamie McLeod, Edmonton, 57; Cadet Herringshaw, Rat Portage, 56; Cadet Anderson, Rat Portage (av. 2 wks), 52; Capt. Dwyer, Portage la Prairie (av. 2 wks), 36; Lieut. Barker, Grand Forks, 22; Annie Pierce, Edmonton, 22; Lieut. Kenner, Bismarck, 20; Mrs. Ady Ayro, Vancouver, 125; Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2 wks), 107; Capt. Scott, Billings, Mont. (av. 2 wks), 106; Lieut. Thoen, Livingston (av. 2 wks), 97; Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C., 71; Sergt. Van Camp, Dillon, 70; Cadet Rita Gains, Victoria, 66; Sister Mortimer, Victoria (av. 2 wks), 65; Lieut. Kroll, New Westminster (av. 2 wks), 62; Capt. Bowers, North, B. C., 60; Capt. May, New Westminster, 40; Sister Davies, Vancouver, 40; Sister R. Gaines, Vancouver, 20.

60. Corp. Jesse Irons, Windsor, N. S. (av. 2 wks) 39. Sis. Brindley, Goderich, 58. Capt. Barker, St. Thomas, 43. Lieut. Woodgate, Newmarket, 42. Mrs. Capt. Bowring, Sydney, 39. G. G. Kroll, New Westminster, 42. Capt. Jarvis, Bothwell, 40. Capt. Burton, Hamilton II., 40. Sergt. Duncan, Montreal I., 40. Sergt. Brues, Hamilton I., 40. Capt. Smith, Guelph, 38. Edgar Wallace, Hamilton, Ber., 38. Lieut. Jordison, Bothwell, 35. Capt. Stephens, Galt, 36. Treas. Vette, Barre, Vt., 31. Emily Howell, Houlton, Me. (av. 2 wks) 34. Lieut. Sparks, Houlton, Me. (av. 2 wks) 34. Capt. McCann, North Bay, 34. Capt. Stolliker, Riverside, 30. Mrs. Perkins, Barre, Vt., 31. Sarah Dean, St. Georges, Ber., 30. Mrs. Robinson, Riverside, 30. Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall, 27. Capt. Root, Gananoque, 27. Lieut. Macleod, Gananoque, 27. Capt. LeDrew, Brandon, 20. Mrs. Fuller, Chatham, 27. Bro. Johnson, Hamilton I., 25. Mary Leavelle, Kingston, 25. Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall, 25. Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville (av. 2 wks) 25. Capt. Hart, Temple, 25. Sergt. M. Stevens, Riverside, 24. Sister Hendrick, Spokane, 22. Capt. Banks, Barre, Vt., 22. Capt. Day, Bridgewater, N. S. (av. 2 wks) 21. Mother Lewis, Montreal I., 20. Sis. Logie, Montreal I., 20. Sergt. Schnyder, Pembroke, 20. Father Curry, Hamilton I., 20. Mrs. Porter, Hamilton I., 20. Uncle George, Hamilton I., 20. Bro. Cherry, Hamilton I., 20. Sis. Bentley, Hamilton I., 20. Capt. Banks, Barre, Vt., 20. Sergt. Major Graham, Bothwell, 20. Lieut. Currie, Belleville, 20. Sergt. Root, Belleville, 20. Cand. Capper, Belleville, 20. Sergt. Burke, Belleville, 20. Sister Stearns, Pictou, Ont., 20. Sis. Knuckle, Goderich, 20. Mrs. Rock, Chatham, Ont. (av. 3 wks) 20. Ensign Wright, Woodstock, N. B., 20.

## MISSING.

First Insertion.  
2040. MRS. MARTIN DAILY, nee FLORENCE WEAVER. Has been missing about seven years, and when last heard from she was residing in either Montreal or Quebec. Her husband, Martin Daily, when last heard from was working for his brother, Joseph Daily, a stevedore in Quebec. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

1994. WILLIAM LAKE. Height 6 feet, dark complexion. Age about 50 years. Son of Mr. Samuel Lake, Langensme, near Sole, Norfolk, England. Last heard from Christmas '92. Was then in Littleton, Manitoba. Sister Harriet, 56 Douchess St., Toronto, enquires. You will hear of something to your advantage. American Cry please copy.

2035. LAURIE JOYCE. Went from Bristol about 17 years ago to the Canada home. Since married a man named Herbert. Address Inquiry, anyone knowing her whereabouts.

2007. JAMES R. RAMSEY. Aged 42. Height 5 ft. 10 inches. Stout, lost one eye, disfigured nose. Last known address Colonists' Hotel Victoria, B. C. Address, Inquiry, anyone knowing his whereabouts.

2008. MRS. MARGARET MCILLAN. Lived twelve years ago in Godalming. Would be over eighty years old. Her grandson, James Earl, wishes to know if she is dead or alive. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2009. EVA CLAMMENT. Age about 27 years. Last heard of five years ago in Toronto. Her Aunt Mary is anxious to know her present whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2008. ANDREW STERGEON. Last known address Etobicoke, near Thistle-down, Toronto. Brother Robert, farmer, lives near this place. His nephew anxious to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2004. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Last heard of in June last, address was then 35 St. Urban St., Montreal. Is also said that he has been at a Mr. Grange's, 561 to 565 Dorchester St., corner of St. Charles Borromeo St., Montreal. Age 42. Light complexion. Said to have had an accident last Christmas when he lost his arm, broke his elbow, and injured his spine. Address, Inquiry, anyone knowing his whereabouts.

2005. DICK TODD. Age 39, height 5 ft. 8 in., light complexion, sandy moustache, lost his first finger on left hand, was a butcher. Left this country 14 years ago. Last heard of ten years ago. Was then under Mr. Doogie in the telegraphic section of the C. P. R. Address, Inquiry, anyone knowing his whereabouts.

2003. WRENSHALL FAMILY. Benjamin, William, John, Fanny, and Jane. All left England 40 years ago with their father and mother. Father and Fanny are

dead; Jane married a Mr. Wm. Jarvis, who when last heard from 20 years ago was living at 133 Rebecca St., Hamilton, Ont. John Rushon enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2001. ALICE HILLS. Age 20, tall, fair complexion, dark hair. This girl was sent out to Canada by Dr. Barnado. Last heard from was in July. Was then living at Niagara Falls, Ont. Father enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2002. CHARLES GRAHAM. Age 30, medium height and fair complexion, brown curly hair, grey eyes, moustache, home in right leg, scar under right eye. Last heard from March 3rd, 1892. Occupation, shoemaker. May be in Canada. Was married at Winnipeg, Man. Wife enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2028. JOSEPH HAGUE. Age about 64 or 65, height 5 ft. 4 in., stout build, blind in one eye. Occupation sailor. Left England in 1848. Heard in July, 1897, he was then in Montreal, Canada. Brother Thomas enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

## Songs.

Jesus waits.  
Tune.—Christ receiveth sinful men.  
1. Come, poor sinner, hear Him call,  
Come, there's pardon free for all:  
Come, ye weary ones, to Me;  
Come, and I will set you free.

Chorus.  
To the Cross for refuge flee,  
Behold the Saviour on the tree;  
'Tis finished! hear Him cry,  
Every sinner may go free.  
Come to Jesus while you may,  
Come, He waits to save to-day;  
Come, His arms are open wide,  
Come, not one shall be denied.

2. Come, poor sinner, greet is sweet:  
Come, 'tis found at Jesus' feet:  
Come, with thy black heart of sin,  
Come, and Christ will take you in.  
Come, thy life is fleeting fast:  
Come, thy chance will soon be past;  
Come, or you will have to dwell  
With the lost, dark souls in hell.

3. Tunes.—Depth of mercy (B. B., 22);  
Rousseau (B. J., 183, 1); Spanish Chant  
(B. J., 122, 2).

2. Sinner, stop! 'tis not too late,  
Still is open Mercy's gate:  
Now the cry goes out to thee—  
'Come, thou weary one, to Me!'

Chorus.  
God is love, etc.

Wearied now of sin's dark ways,  
Wearied, too, of wasted days:  
Strife struggling after right,  
Feebly groping after light.

"Come, ye heavy laden," too,  
Jesus spoke these words to you:  
'I will give you rest.' He cried,  
Rest from sin, because He died.  
'Twas for you He shed His blood,  
Spilt for you that crimson flood:  
Come, then, to this Fountain turn,  
Such great mercy do not spurn.

Auxiliary 1132.  
Tunes.—Oh, the Lamb (B. J., 72, 7); New  
He sets us free (B. J., 18, 3); Hallelu-  
jah to the Lamb (B. J., 81, 7); A  
little ship (B. J., 15, 2); Jesus died for  
me (B. J., 121, 3); My God, the spring  
B. J., 285, 1).

3. A thousand thousand fountains  
spring  
Up from the throne of God;  
But none to me such blessings bring  
As Jesus' precious blood.

Chorus.  
Oh, the Blood—the precious Blood  
That Jesus shed for me!  
Upon the cross His crimson flood  
Just now by faith I see.

That precious Blood my ransom paid,  
While I in bondage stood;  
On Jesus all my sins were laid,  
He saved me with His blood.

By faith that Blood now sweeps away  
My sins as like a flood;  
No idle blackbird's blither stay—  
All praise to Jesus' blood.

This wondrous theme will best employ  
My heart before my God:  
And make all Heaven resound with joy  
For Jesus' cleansing blood.

## HELP

FOR

DEATH

NOTE.—The

NOTE.—The  
would all his bea-  
events of Moses,  
will secure the at-  
and make the peo-  
interest.

(a) His babyhood  
(b) His call-  
Crossing the Red  
work (c) His elc-  
Mou-

Picture the old  
tain alone—the o-  
would all his bea-  
events of Moses,  
will secure the at-  
and make the peo-  
interest.

"I Have Cal-  
God would not  
Frosted Land,  
His in view of  
ment of disobe-  
Moses, who in  
the Israelites  
occasion when t-  
smote the rock  
as God had con-

God Cal-  
even in the b-  
just as one sin-  
man, so with  
the Heavenly

It was the o-  
ered life.  
It was the o-



## LARMORE SALVATION ARMY CORPS, N. D.



Frederick Alving, Jas. Hovey, Henry Thayer, Clarence Deffen, Hugh Williams, Judge Winslow, Bert Fisher, Frank Wilson, Lieut. A. Broad, Capt. Annie Hurst, Lieut. Mattie Myers, Minnie Coombs, Jas. Coombs.

## HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

### DEATH OF MOSES.

Deut. xxxiv. 1-12.

NOTE.—The Company leader should mention a few of the most important events of Moses' life (see below). This will secure the attention of the children, and make the present lesson of increased interest.

(a) His babyhood. (b) His adoption. (c) His call. (d) The plagues. (e) Crossing the Red Sea. (f) His great work. (g) His sin. (h) His punishment. Mount Nebo.

Picture the old man climbing the mountain alone—the different feelings which would fill his heart. He had received his marching orders from the Heavenly Headquarters, and had just been conducting his farewell meeting with the people—advising, blessing and encouraging them.

"I Have Caused Thee to see it."

God would not suffer him to enter the Promised Land, but He allowed him to die in view of it. This was the punishment of disobedience.

Moses, who had been sorely tried by the Israelites in the wilderness, on one occasion when they murmured for water, smote the rock instead of speaking only as God had commanded.

God Cannot Overlook Sin.

even in the best of His children, and just as one sin kept Moses out of Canaan, so will one sin keep a soul out of the Heavenly Canaan.

Moses' Death.

It was the close of a long and chequered life.

It was the close of a useful life.

It was the close of a life or trial. It was the close of a life in the midst of strength.

All must die whether good or bad! How necessary that we should, by the help of Jesus, live right, than at the end our hearts will be filled with peace and His presence will comfort and support us.

God Buries Him.

How mysterious! This shows the great wisdom of God. He kept the feelings of the Children of Israel, and so buried His servant Himself to prevent the idolatry that the knowledge of his sepulchre might have occasioned.

The devil had often tried to lead the people astray during the lifetime of Moses, but this man of God was an hindrance to his success.

Now there would seem to be a chance. He would begin at the very grave of Moses! but he was baffled. "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

"His Eye was not Dim."

What a wonderful description of the physical condition of this man. God took him away in the midst of his strength. Many have been taken similarly. We must be ready for God's time. In this case it was "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." If we live right, then if our call comes, as Moses did—in the midst of our strength—all will be well.

Israel Weeps.

Their grief was mingled with bitter regrets because of their own wrongdoing. They had been the occasion of that sin on account of which Moses was prevented from entering the Promised Land. They mourned over their sin when it was too late. Now their leader was gone they realized their loss and they mourned for him thirty days.

When we die if we are good we shall be missed because of the blessing and help we have been, and even then our memory will still live to bless.

Illustration.—The late Mrs. General Booth. "She being dead yet speaketh." Her memory still lives in many lands.

Inspiring the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands of Salvationists and others.

A wonderful Testimony.

God in olden times used to speak to His prophets and servants in dreams and visions, but Moses He knew face to face. Thus Moses was greater than the prophets.

What wonders were wrought through this one whole-souled man! What wonders were wrought through this one consecrated life!

What wonders were wrought through this one disinterested leader! Junior, give yourself thus to God. Boys and girls, and even very little children, have been used largely by Him "to confound the mighty and bring to naught the things that are."

Questions.

1. Where is Mount Nebo?
2. Why did not Moses enter Canaan?
3. Who buried him?
4. How old was Moses when he died?
5. Why did Israel mourn for him?

Memory Text.

"I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

(Stories.)

## HAUNTED.

By E. G. G.

"Haunted! Yes, that is the word. I am haunted by the words of the song that that noble Salvation Army will persist in singing as they pass my door. Why in the world they should sing that to me (for I feel it is to me they sing it) I cannot imagine."

The speaker was a lady of the middle class in England, and the song she com-

plained of was one the S. A. usually started on their march with, it ran as follows:

"Death is coming, surely coming.  
And the Judgment Day;  
Hasten sinner to the Saviour,  
Seek the narrow way."

"Why should they sing such words to me," continued she. "I, who have always lived a good life, have always paid my way, been good to the poor, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, given coal to those who had none—what more could I do? Then to be called a 'sinner' by those noisy Army folks! No doubt they do good by reclaiming the drunkard, but to sing such words to me! I, who have, I say, lived such a good moral life. Then again, why should they say 'death is coming.' Oh, it cannot be I am going to die. Still I cannot get it out of my mind."

Poor, weak, misguided sinner! Did she think of getting to heaven by any or all of her good works? No! But thank God the Army did not stop singing till she came to the foot of the Cross and throwing all her good works away, prayed for mercy, and then she could thank God for that song of the S. A.

The very next time the writer called on her, her face was bright. "Now," she said, "I can see why those Army people were allowed to sing to me. Oh, I was blind, blind to think a poor, weak sinner like me could buy salvation, or to remember the mercy I had given, when the dear Saviour had given so much for me—even Himself. My journey on this earth is nearly done. I shall soon go to give an account of my life here below, and I shudder to think what would have been my doom had it not been for that once-declared Salvation Army. Now I can say if it be the Lord's will to allow death to come, I am ready so long as He is with me. I am not afraid. All glory to Him and thanks to that noisy Salvation Army."

LET GOD BE THE AUTHOR OF ALL YOUR ACTIONS.

# A HUMAN TIGRESS TAMED

Mrs. Dyer, of Ipswich, Tells Her Remarkable Story to a "Cry" Man.

A WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF THE GRACE OF GOD.

The Salvation Army can show hundreds of the most wonderful cases of conversion in proof of the correct teaching, "God can save from the uttermost to the uttermost." I but we question if the work of the Army can produce a more wonderful trophy of Divine grace than the subject of this life-story—Mrs. Dyer, of Ipswich. Her conversion is a miracle, and has caused a great sensation in the town as if some one had literally been raised from the dead.

Narrator, policeman and publisher, who know her so well, are astonished at the change. Her conversion has come as a revelation to the nominal Christian that God is as present and as real today as He was in the days of the prophets of old.

Even an abster of several years' profession has admitted that every miracle recorded in the Bible can easily be accepted as true in the face of such an overwhelming, living miracle as Sister Dyer, of Ipswich.

She has been a terrible drunkard and a notorious thief, and has been in prison fifty-three times. She sent her first husband into a lunatic asylum, through selling his head with a poker and depriving him of his reason. Seven policemen were often needed to arrest her, and on one occasion she pulled out a policeman's eye with a strong building needle. She often sent the victims of her violence to the hospital. In addition to her drinking she indulged in smoking to the amount of seven pounds of tobacco a week.

As she told her life story to a War Cry representative she seemed to be filled with love and longing at her past life, and as the tears came into her eyes, she said that she had been filled with tears of deep gratitude to God for having cleansed her heart and sent out all the evils that once had possession of her.

## EARLY LIFE

I WAS born at Leith. My parents were fisher-folk and were good, respectable people; but I was a wild, ungovernable girl, and always went my own way. I was a boy in character and spirit, and I loved to romp about and was seldom out of mischief. I married a sailor, and as he was nearly always away I got employment in a laundry at Leith. I began to drink and frequent public-houses, and being of a masculine nature I loved a good

## Pair and Square Stand-up Fight

I only had one companion, a sister, and I encouraged her to drink and fight. One time we got mixed up in a fight and took four policemen to take me into custody. As my sister was a married woman with three children I paid her fine and went to prison myself. I had the faintest idea then that it was possible for anyone to descend to such depths of sin as I have done. I kept out of trouble as long as I kept out of public-houses; but directly I got drunk into me my animal spirits seemed to increase a hundredfold; drink seemed to rouse a hell within me.

## I WAS A HUMAN VOLCANO

and couldn't help giving vent to my devilry. When still a young woman I became a wanderer by my own choice.

I went pen-picking here and hop-picking there. Other times I was a hawker, and being a handy needlewoman I made up all my own stock, consisting of children's pinafores, underclothing and fancy goods. In the summer months I lived in a tent of my own construction, but in the winter I lodged in houses in the winter months. I did well at hawking, but directly I got into town the programme was changed to

## Drink—Fighting—Prison!

I used to smoke an ounce of tobacco every day—brown, twist—seven ounces every week. I've been in prison fifty-three times for drunkenness and assault, and I would have been going in and out of prison yet but for the Salvation Army!

## WHAT A LIFE!

My name often appeared in the police-court reports of the newspapers, and I soon gained an unenviable popularity. One night I came home drunk, smashed my husband's head open with a poker and deprived him of his reason. He had to be taken

## To a Lunatic Asylum,

where he lingered a long time and then died. I don't remember how much "time" I did for this; but it was a serious affair. I can't understand how I've kept out of the hangman's hands during all these years of sin, for I have often left the victims of my violence unconscious in a pool of blood!

Once, in Yarmouth, I was drinking in a pub and a woman called "Newcastle Rachel" drank my beer.

"Why have you mopped up my 'family trouble'?" I asked.

"Case I'm the best woman in the house," she said, trying to bully me. "I'm the champion lady-boxer of the world."

I encouraged her on to fight. I pretended I was afraid, and drew her on to her doom. I let her strike me a few times, and then picked her up and wiped the windows with her and swept the floor with her, threw her up to the ceiling and let her drop on her head a few times. I nearly killed her.

## I Left Her in Her Blood,

lying unconscious. She was taken to a

hospital to be repaired and sent to the police station.

"I take you into custody," he said to me, taking out the handcuffs. I set my feet firmly on the floor, and throwing my body slightly forward, struck him in the stomach with my right fist, and sent him flying to the other end of the room as quick as if he had been struck by the buffer of an "express" going at full speed. He began to spit blood, and crawled out holding his chest, bent-up like a triangle.

## Paint the Town Red,

with blood, and I stood in a corner and challenged anyone to "come on!" I knocked them down as fast as they came. I smashed a knuckle on my left hand, got some teeth knocked out and my face cut up. It looked like a railway map.

At last it took ten policemen to get me to the cells, and thinking I'd been bitten by a mad dog a doctor was called in, and while I was still held under re-

straint he injected morphia into the back of my neck, which quickly produced stupor. In the morning I awoke sick and giddy.

I got a well-earned stiff sentence for this little "night out."

Another time I was playing in a pub at "twenty-five"—that is a game of cards, and I won three pots of beer. The man who lost called me something I never want, and very soon there was a fight and the bar was completely wrecked. I dived him in my arms like a baby, and when I was tired

I left him for dead on the floor.

His face was like a plum-pudding cut in two with a hatchet. He lay in hospital a long time, and I lay somewhere else a long time.

The Prince of Wales opened out the new public buildings at Yarmouth some time ago, which included a new police-court. I was the very first offender who appeared there, and I was the only one on that occasion.

"We'll let ye off cheaply," the affable magistrate said. "One month."

I made a low courtesy, and said, "Thank you, sir. God bless you for it! I'll do that little bit smiling," and went away singing.

"For I knew what it is to be there!" That's how much I cared. I've been in

many prisons—Canterbury, Springfield, Norwich, Maidstone, Chesham, Ipswich, Yarmouth, and others.

## A VIOLENT VINDIC

I didn't know my own strength. It generally took seven policemen to arrest me; three or four only were no use. I used to knock them down like nappies and jump on them. I once

## Lifted a Policeman's Eye Clean Out

with a strong back-needle! There was no fun about this. I was raging mad with drink, and I was in a terrible temper. Six policemen and I were rolling over and over on the ground, and I bit chunks of flesh out of the policeman's arms, or any part of their bodies I could fasten my teeth into. At last they got me to the police-station, and after an hour's hard work they succeeded in lashing me securely to an iron pillar in the centre of the cell. My limbs were fastened, and my whole body was wound round and round with a steel chain. From 7:30 p.m. to 5 a.m. I was chained to this pillar. When the fury of my temper had spent itself,

## Six Policemen Came into the Cell

to release me. They backed out one by one, just like a line of snails leaving a cage, and as the last man was backing out I made a dash for his back. He was second to last, for they closed it upon me with a bang. Then I started to smash up the cell. Fourteen panes of glass were gone in a few minutes. I "relaxed a bit" with my teeth in the wash-basin was destroyed with my teeth, and only because there was nothing left to smash up, I settled down for a few hours' rest, which I much needed.

I did a good stiff sentence for this little bit, but I came out of prison worse than I went in, and only felt sorry that I had not sent all the policemen to the hospital with broken limbs. I got so used to prison-life that it ceased to have any terrors for me.

## A NEW CREATION.

Last time I was chained up to the iron pillar in the cell I began to sing.

## "My Home is Here—My Home is Here!"

I'd heard the Salvation Army singing



through the town. "My beautiful, beautiful home!"

I little thought that the next time I should sing this would be in a Salvation Army barracks.

It was the open-air that attracted me to the place. I felt drawn towards them. I went to the inside meeting with my sleeves rolled up, just in fighting attitude, and during the meeting I lost my stony heart. I realized that "the Son of Man came to seek and save the lost, and I went out to the mercy-seat just as I was. I didn't even wait to pull down my sleeves. I went fully understanding what I was doing, and

God saved my Soul,

and my body as well. I'd been a hard smoker and drinker for years; but God gave me a will-power and enabled me to

## Smash My Pipe

and say, "No more of the old life, for I am a new creature in Christ Jesus!"

Last week a police-sergeant said, in a tone of surprise and bewilderment, "Mrs. Dyer, what's the matter? You haven't been to see us for a long time. It's really not true what we hear, is it?"

The policemen are all glad. So is everybody, but especially my second husband, for I've smashed his head twice with the poker.

"Sarah," he says, "I'm downright glad

you've joined the Army! Stick to them, old lass! God bless them!" but there's not all-I'm believing that he'll join the Army before long, for my conversion has made a deep impression upon him."

As we looked into the dear woman's scarred face, and saw tears of joy glistening in her eyes, we felt that we could now doubt God's power to save even the worst and vilest of our fellow-creatures—British Cry.

## Trimminings :

FROM THE TRADE.

By THE MANAGER.

CAPTAIN STOLLIKER informs us that two months ago he had sold his clothes, shoes, and spurs to the extent of £7. This is entirely in addition to his daily labour. When the fury of my temper had spent itself, as a member of our Army Department may receive special training to make him successful as a policeman from this office.

An interesting manager of our Photo Engraving Department, has had his watch lying on the camera stand for ten long years. Pathetically it has ticked in time, just recently it has sustained some internal injury by a fall from its position, but it was purely accidental.

"The Local Office" is certainly the magazine for our veteran Local Officers. It contains a great deal of interesting and valuable information as quickly as possible. They will be mailed from England direct to you and will only cost you five pence per year.

The following letters contain good words of encouragement that encourage you to humble yourself and make him feel all sorts of good things about you.

Orilla, Ont.

Staff-Capt. Horn, Toronto.

My dear Staff-Captain—Goods to hand. Am especially pleased with success. Please for your prompt attention. God bless you.

Yours at the Cross,

Frank Young, Capt.

Glen Rae, Ont.

Dear Sir—

Goods received all right, and quite satisfactory as to fit, and about the best bargain I ever saw in clothing. May it always be a true outward sign of the "whole armor of God," is the prayer of Yours in the war, Fred B. Craig.

Sherbrooke.

Dear Staff-Captain,

I received suit all O. K. Gives perfect satisfaction. Five well-earned week before expected. Thank you for filling order so promptly. Yours in the S. A. war, Geo. H. Nyland, Capt.

Thessalon.

Dear Staff-Captain,

Goods to hand, and are perfectly satisfactory. Hope you will do a rushing business, and wish you all success. Yours to win, A. Rowan.

Grand Forks, N. D.

Staff-Capt. Horn, Toronto, Can.

My dear Staff-Captain—I feel that I must write a line to you just to tell you how perfectly satisfied I am with the order I received the other day through our Provincial Headquarters from you.

The fit could not have been better had I been in person to the Tailoring Department and been measured there. The cloth for quality and color are first class, and cannot fail to wear well.

I wish you every success in your efforts to please your customers, and shall not fail to recommend you.

God in with us here. I come in for a good share of His heavenly blessings. God bless you. Yours in the Army, A. Goodwin, Adj.

A series of articles appearing in the London Daily Mail tell of Great Britain's "falling behind in the great industrial race." During twelve years from 1883 to 1895 the United States, Germany, and France show an increase of exports to the amount of over \$100,000,000, while that of the United Kingdom shows a decrease of \$40,000,000. These articles are attracting much attention.

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